National Anti-Slavery Standard.

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National Anti-Slavery Standard.

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The Spirit of the South.

RESTORATION OF THE SLAVE TRADE.

From The Richmond Enquirer.

WE concur most heartily in what Gov. Adams says of the *moral sanctions of slavery*, of its conservative influence, of its necessity and sanctity as the basis of the institutions of the South, of the policy of consolidating it in our own midst, and of *consolidating other interests in its support*. We are equally impressed with the wisdom of the suggestion, that a certain proportion of negro property should be *exempted from liability to legal execution*. Some of the sincere friends of slavery are very solicitous that it should be strengthened by external expansion. In our conception, it is a far more important thing that the institution should be consolidated at home. It was the opinion of Mr. Jefferson, who certainly comprehended the subject in all its relations, that slavery was weakened rather than strengthened by diffusion. Without staying to discuss this problem, we may assume that all are agreed upon the necessity of giving the institution *firm root before we undertake to spread it abroad*. The disproportion of numbers between the slaveholders and the non-slaveholders of the South gives the Abolitionists plausible reason to anticipate the ultimate success of their enterprise, and so stimulates them to more constant and energetic exertion. A little reflection, it is true, instructs us that each interest in the community is dependent upon every other, and that the security of slavery is the concern of every individual member of our social system. But the fact is too remote from ordinary observation to resist the effect of the specious argument which the Abolitionists address to the prejudices and passions of the non-slaveholding class. For the stability of the institution, *one negro in the possession of a poor family is worth all the logic of Bledsoe, and all the learning of Fletcher*. It is palpable property, and the owner will fight for its security. It is a symbol of superiority which the master will never resign. Exempt from compulsory sale, it would be the last stay of misfortune and poverty. It is a question, since prevention is better than cure, whether, on general principles, it is not the wiser policy to give every individual some security against extreme destitution, than to provide a poor house for the shelter of mendicancy. It is certain, however, that the chance of saving something from the possible wreck of fortune, would be embraced by every one who apprehends the ills of poverty. The exemption of one or more negroes from sale, under legal process, would make it the interest of every person in the community to identify his fortunes with the value and safety of slave property, and would impart to the institution a far more broad and secure basis of support than that upon which it reposes at present. This obvious consequence is foreseen by all who study the subject, and has commended the policy to the confidence of the most considerate friends of the South. We are glad that Gov. Adams has given it the sanction of his name and authority, and we hope the Legislature of Virginia will not be slow in adopting the wise suggestion.

Pursuing the general object of strengthening the foundations and augmenting the power of slavery, Governor Adams proposes another measure from *which we are constrained to withhold our approbation.*

Within the last few years the policy of reviving the slave trade has been suggested by some of the more adventurous champions of the South. Hitherto the discussion of the measure has been confined to the Press, and only an individual here and there has had the temerity to give it his sanction. Governor Adams is the first to dignify it by official recognition, and to recommend it as a legitimate policy of Government.

In logic and in morals, Governor Adams is perfectly consistent when he declares that if the slave trade be piracy slave property is plunder. We frankly acknowledge that the laws which condemn the slave trade imply an aspersion upon the character of the South. Still, we maintain that it is not wise or expedient in the South to attempt to reëstablish the traffic.

But, Governor Adams contends that its revival is essential to the interests of the South—is necessary indeed to the stability of slavery. This sort of argument suspends all other inquiry, until we ascertain its validity and force.

Governor Adams propounds these propositions: 1, That the supply of cotton is gradually growing unequal to the demand. 2, That this relative diminution is not the result of want of land, but the deficiency of labour. 3, That this constantly increasing deficiency will stimulate the production of cotton in other countries, and so destroy our monopoly of the staple. 4, That slave-labour is valuable only in the production of cotton, and must become a burden upon the South whenever we lose the monopoly of supply, 5, That then the South will be driven to abolish slavery.

Although we state the Governor's positions fairly and fully, we are not going to attempt the formal refutation in this article. For the present, we are content to affirm that though it be true that the supply of cotton does not increase *pari passu* with the demand, and that the deficiency must be made up from other countries, yet it by no means follows that the production of the South will be superseded, or even diminished in value. * * *

Since Governor Adams fails to demonstrate a necessity for the revival of the slave trade, we may discuss the measure as a matter of policy.

And here we encounter the obvious and incontestible fact, that the revival of the African slave trade, as a legal commerce, is a political impossibility. Our own laws condemn the traffic; and *there is no chance of their repeal. The laws of the civilized world denounce the severest penalties of piracy against it;* and they in any event are beyond the range of our control. Is there anything in the tone of public opinion in this or any other country, which warrants the idea that we may procure the reëstablishment of the slave trade as a legitimate branch of commerce? *Is the thing possible?* Certainly this inquiry touches the most essential point of the controversy, and yet Governor Adams entirely ignores it.

It being apparent from the mere statement of the proposition that the revival of the slave trade is a moral impossibility, there is no need of any further discussion of the subject. *The States of the South are not yet prepared to defy the public opinion and to provoke the positive hostility of the foremost powers of Christendom;* and as the attempt to reopen the traffic in African negroes would inevitably draw this penalty upon us, we may rest upon the conclusion that the policy is impracticable and will never be subjected to the test of experiment.

But we have a word in illustration of the impropriety and folly of even discussing the revival of the slave trade, as an object of Southern ambition and enterprise. Can any man fail to observe how much of stimulus and strength the mere agitation of the scheme, imparts to the anti-slavery sentiment of the North?—how much of odium and resentment it provokes against the "aggressive spirit" of "slavery propagandism?"—to what extent it impairs the moral security of the South, and so injuriously affects the stability of its institutions? *It is idle to deny that slavery is condemned by the public opinion of the world. The States of the South are cut off from the sympathies of the most despotic as well as the most popular Governments of Europe.* Whether from honest conviction or the suggestions of hypocrisy, they all join in the clamour against us. Even Spain, in whose dominions slavery exists, affects a sort of moral antagonism to the South. Is it the policy of the South still further to embarrass its position, still more scornfully to defy the opinion of the world—to inflame the zeal and multiply the number of its enemies? And all, too, in pursuit of an impracticable enterprise and an equivocal advantage? If not, then let us stop this talk about reviving the African slave trade.

From The Journal of Commerce.

[IT may be proper to say that the annexed letter is from a Presbyterian clergyman in Virginia, who was born and reared at the North.—*Eds. J. of C.*]

"DRED."

VIRGINIA, Nov., 1856.

MESSRS. EDITORS: When I returned home from a visit to the Mountains, whither I had gone in search of health, I found my wife reading the book whose name stands at the head of this note. She was filled with loathing at the injustice and impiety of the book, and asked me if I thought Mrs. Stowe could possibly be a Christian. To this I could only say, "Judge not, lest ye be judged!"

But on reading the book myself, I confess I am amazed how any woman professing to be a Christian could write a book characterized by such a want of truth, candour and charity. I had intended to review it, but the multitude of marked passages is too great to allow room for just criticism in the space your columns could afford me. Intentionally or unintentionally she has done a grievous wrong to the Church, both in its ministry and laity, for which she must answer to her Master. To refer to no other point—in her delineation of ministerial faithfulness, what is the impression she makes as to the character of the preaching to the slaves at the South? Why, that the whole burden and scope of it is, "Servants, obey your masters," &c., &c. Now, after some fifteen or twenty years' preaching at the South, and much of this time to the negroes, I do not remember to have preached but two sermons upon the duties of servants to masters. One of these occurred in the course of an exposition of the entire Epistle of Peter, in connection with the duties of masters, parents, husbands, wives, &c.; and the other in part touched this topic, in the delineation of a model servant, founded on the character of Elizer of Damascus, which I preached as a funeral discourse on the death of a faithful servant. And further, I do not now remember to have heard a sermon preached by any minister, on the duties of servants; but the style of the ministation to them is the same, as to topics, as that to which the white congregations listen. As a general thing, however, I may remark, as to my own preaching and that of others who preach most to servants, our ministrations to them are considered superior in many respects to our preaching to the whites. Would to God that there were more of the preaching to which many of our slaves give heed, both South and North. God forgive the misguided writer for writing such a book, at such a time in the history of our beloved country, and avert from us the evils which she and her co-workers threaten to bring upon us. It will not be their fault if our Union is not destroyed, and our country a by-word in the world. H.

P. S. These brief and hasty strictures have been resting in my portfolio for some days, being deemed hardly worthy of a place in your columns. But since I have read in the *Evangelist* a letter from Florida, severely criticising your mode of quoting a passage in some former communication, I have thought it would at least serve as an answer to the fourteen years' experience of that aggrieved writer. That isolated and very improbable case seems to be held up as full and convincing proof that all the foul slanders of "Dred" against Christians and ministers South, are true. So the writer seems to esteem it, and so the editor of the paper which gives it currency seems willing that it should be understood. This pious sinner, who can find no church or minister good enough for him, and acknowledges his desertion of the sanctuary and those who frequent it, is a witness of the right stamp for some of his Northern brethren who denounce the Bible and the Church. I hope you may be able to bear up under their denunciations. The censure of some is the highest praise.

Selections.

THE AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF A FEMALE SLAVE.

[We copy the first four brief chapters of the "Autobiography of a Female Slave," just issued by Redfield and noticed in our last week's issue.]

THE OLD KENTUCKY FARM—MY PARENTAGE AND EARLY TRAINING—DEATH OF THE MASTER—THE SALE-DAY—NEW MASTER AND NEW HOME.

I WAS born in one of the southern counties of Kentucky. My earliest recollections are of a large, old-fashioned farm-house, built of hewn rock, in which my old master, Mr. Nelson, and his family, consisting of a widowed sister, two daughters and two sons, resided. I have but an indistinct remembrance of my old master. At times, a shadow of an idea, like the reflection of a kind dream, comes over my mind, and, then, I conjure him up as a large, venerable-looking man, with scanty, gray locks floating carelessly over an amplitude of forehead; a wide, hard-featured face, with yet a kindly glow of honest sentiment; broad, strong teeth, much discoloured by the continued use of tobacco.

I well remember that, as a token of his good-will, he always presented us (the slave-children) with a slice of buttered bread, when we had finished our daily task. I have also a faint *reminiscence* of his old hickory cane being shaken over my head two or three times, and the promise (which remained, until his death, unfulfilled) of a good "*thrashing*" at some future period.

My mother was a very bright mulatto woman, and my father, I suppose, was a white man, though I know nothing of him; for, with the most unparental feeling, he deserted me. A consequence of this amalgamation was my very fair and beautiful complexion. My skin was no perceptible shade darker than that of my young mistress's. My eyes were large and dark, while a profusion of nut-brown hair, straight and soft as the whitest lady's in the land, fell in showery redundance over my neck and shoulders. I was often mistaken for a white child; and in my rambles through the woods, many caresses have I received from wayside travellers; and the exclamation, "What a beautiful child!" was quite common. Owing to this personal beauty I was a great pet with my master's sister, Mrs. Woodbridge, who, I believe I have stated, was a widow, and childless; so upon me she lavished all the fondness of a warm and loving heart.

My mother, Keziah, the cook, commonly called Aunt Kaisy, was possessed of an indomitable ambition, and had, by the hardest means, endeavoured to acquire the rudiments of an education; but all she had succeeded in obtaining was a knowledge of the alphabet, and orthography in two syllables. Being very imitative, she eschewed the ordinary negroes' pronunciation, and adopted the mode of speech used by the higher classes of whites. She was very much delighted when Mrs. Woodbridge or Miss Betsy (as we called her) began to instruct me in the elements of the English language. I inherited my mother's thirst for knowledge; and, by intense study, did all I could to spare Miss Betsy the usual drudgery of a teacher. The aptitude that I displayed, may be inferred from the fact that, in three months from the day she began teaching me the alphabet, I was reading, with some degree of fluency, in the "First Reader." I have often heard her relate this as quite a literary and educational marvel.

There were so many slaves upon the farm, particularly young ones, that I was regarded as a supernumerary; consequently, spared from nearly all the work. I sat in Miss Betty's room, with book in hand, little heeding anything else; and, if ever I manifested the least indolence, my mother, with her wild ambition, was sure to rally me, and even offer the tempting bribe of cakes and apples.

I have frequently heard my old master say, "Betsy, you will spoil that girl, teaching her so much." "She is too pretty for a slave," was her invariable reply.

Thus smoothly passed the early part of my life, until an event occurred which was the cause of a change in my whole fate. My old master became suddenly and dangerously ill. My lessons were suspended, for Miss Betsy's services were required in the sick chamber. I used to slyly steal to the open door of his room, and peep in, with wonder, at the sombre group collected there. I recollect seeing my young masters and mistresses weeping round a curtained bed. Then there came a time when loud screams and frightful lamentations issued thence. There were shrieks that struck upon my ear with a strange thrill; shrieks that seemed to rend souls and break heart-strings. My young mistresses, fair, slender girls, fell prostrate upon the floor; and my masters, noble, manly men, bent over the bowed forms of their sisters, whispering words which I did not hear, but which, my mature experience tells me, must have been of love and comfort.

There came, then, a long, narrow, black box, thickly embossed with shining brass tacks, in which my old master was carefully laid, with his pale, brawny hands crossed upon his wide chest. I remember that, one by one, the slaves were called in to take a last look of him who had been, to them, a kind master. They all came out with their cotton handkerchiefs pressed to their eyes. I went in, with five other coloured children, to take my look. That wan, ghastly face, those sunken eyes and pinched features, with the white winding sheet, and the dismal coffin, impressed me with a new and wild terror; and, for weeks after, this "vision of death" haunted my mind fearfully.

But I soon after resumed my studies under Miss Betsy's tuition. Having little work to do, and seldom seeing my young mistresses, I grew up in the same house, scarcely knowing them. I was technically termed in the family, "the child," as I was not black; and, being a slave, my masters and mistresses would not admit that I was white. So I reached the age of ten, still called "a child," and actually one in all life's experiences, though pretty well advanced in education. I had a very good knowledge of the rudiments, had bestowed some attention upon Grammar, and eagerly read every book that fell in my way. Love or study taught me seclusive habits; I read long and late; and the desire of a finished education become the passion of my life. Alas! these days were but a poor preparation for the life that was to come after!

Miss Betsy, though a warm-hearted woman, was a violent advocate of slavery. I have since been puzzled how to reconcile this with her otherwise Christian character; and, though she professed to love me dearly, and had bestowed so much attention upon the cultivation of my mind, and expressed it as her opinion that I was too pretty and white to be a slave, yet, if any one had spoken of giving me freedom, she would have condemned it as domestic heresy. If I had belonged to her, I doubt not but my life would have been a happy one. But, alas! a different lot was assigned me!

About two years and six months after my old master's death, a division was made of the property. This involved a sale of everything, even the household furniture. There were, I believe, heavy debts hanging over the estate. These must be met, and the residue divided among the heirs.

When it was made known in the kitchen that a sale was to be made, the slaves were panic-stricken. Loud cries and lamentations arose, and my young mistresses came often to the kitchen to comfort us.

One of these young ladies, Miss Margaret, a tall, nobly-formed girl, with big blue eyes and brown hair, frequently came and sat with us, trying, in the most persuasive tones, to reconcile the old ones to their destiny. Often did I see the large tears roll down her fair cheeks, and her red lip quiver. These indications of sympathy, coming from such a lovely being, cheered many an hour of after-captivity.

But the "sale-day" came at last; I have a confused idea of it. The ladies left the day before. Miss Betsy took an affectionate leave of me; ah, I did not then know that it was a final one.

The servants were all sold, as I heard one man say, at very high rates, though not under the auctioneer's hammer. To that my young masters were opposed.

A tall, hard-looking man came up to me, very roughly seized my arm, bade me open my mouth; examined my teeth; felt of my limbs; made me run a few yards; ordered me to jump; and being well satisfied with my activity, said to Master Edward, "I will take her." Little comprehending the full meaning of that brief sentence, I rejoined the group of children from which I had been summoned. After awhile, my mother came up to me, holding a wallet in her hand. The tear-drops stood on her cheeks, and her whole frame was distorted with pain. She walked toward me a few steps, then stopped, and suddenly shaking her head, exclaimed, "No, no, I can't do it, I can't do it." I was amazed at her grief, but an indefinable fear kept me from rushing to her.

"Here, Kitty," she said to an old negro woman, who stood near, "you break it to her. I can't do it. No, it will drive me mad. Oh, Heaven! that I was ever born to see this day." Then rocking her body back and forward in a transport of agony, she gave full vent to her feelings in a long, loud, piteous wail. Oh, God! that cry of grief, that knell of a breaking heart, rang in my ears for many long and painful days. At length Aunt Kitty approached me, and, laying her hand on my shoulder, kindly said:

"Alas, poor chile, you mus' place your trus' in the good God above, you mus' look to Him for help; you are gwine to leave your mother now. You are to have a new home, a new master, and I hope new friends. May the Lord be with you." So saying, she broke suddenly away from me; but I saw that her wrinkled face was wet with tears.

With perhaps an idle, listless air, I received this astounding news; but a whirlwind was gathering in my breast. What could she mean by new friends and a new home? Surely I was to take my mother with me! No mortal power would dare to sever *us*. Why, I remember that when master sold the gray mare, the colt went also. Who could, who would, who dared, separate the parent from her offspring? Alas! I had yet to learn that the white man dared to do all that his avarice might suggest; and there was no human tribunal where the outcast African could pray for "right!" Ah, when I now think of my poor mother's form, as it swayed like a willow in the tempest of grief; when I remember her bitter cries, and see her arms thrown franticaly toward me, and hear her earnest—oh, how earnest—prayer for death or madness, then I wondered where were Heaven's thunderbolts; but retributive Justice *will* come sooner or later, and He who remembers mercy *now* will not forget justice *then*.

"Come along, gal, come along, gather up your duds, and come with me," said a harsh voice; and, looking up from my bewildered reverie, I beheld the man who had so carefully examined me. I was too much startled to fully understand the words, and stood vacantly gazing at him. This strange manner he construed into disrespect; and, raising his riding-whip, he brought it down with considerable force upon my back. It was the first lash I had ever given to me in anger. I smarted beneath the stripe, and a cry of pain broke from my lips. Mother sprang to me, and clasping my quivering form in her arms, cried out to my young master, "Oh, Master Eddy, have mercy on me, on my child. I have served you faithfully, I nursed you, I grew up with your poor mother, who now sleeps in the cold ground. I beg you now to save *my child*," and she sank down at his feet, whilst her tears fell fast.

Then my poor old grandfather, who was called the patriarch slave, being the eldest one of the race in the whole neighbourhood, joined us. His gray head, wrinkled face, and bent form, told of many a year of hard servitude.

"What is it, Massa Ed, what is it Kaisy be takin' on so 'bout? you haint driv the *chile* off? No—no! young massa only playin' trick now; come Kais' don't be makin' fool of yoursef, young massa not gwine to separate you and the chile."

These words seemed to reanimate my mother, and she looked up to Master Edward with a grateful expression of face, whilst she clasped her arms tightly around his knees, exclaiming, "Oh, bless you, young master, bless you forever, and forgive poor Kaisy for distrusting you, but Pompey told me the child was sold away from me, and that gemman struck her"; and here again she sobbed, and caught hold of me convulsively, as if she feared I might be taken.

I looked at my young master's face, and the ghastly whiteness which overspread it, the tearful glister of his eye, and the strange tremour of his figure, struck me with fright. *I knew my doom*. Young as I was, my first dread was for my mother; I forgot my own perilous situation, and mourned alone for her. I would have given worlds could insensibility have been granted her.

"I've got no time to be foolin' longer with these niggers, come 'long, gal. Ann, I believe, you tole me was her name," he said, as he turned to Master Edward. Another wild shriek from my mother, a deep sigh from grandpap, and I looked at Master Ed, who was striking his forehead vehemently, and the tears were trickling down his cheeks.

"Here, Mr. Peterkin, here!" exclaimed Master Edward, "here is your bill of sale; I will refund your money; release me from my contract."

Peterkin cast on him one contemptuous look, and with a low, chuckling laugh, replied, "No; you must stand to your bargain. I want that gal; she is likely, and it will do me good to thrash the devil out of her"; turning to me he added, "quit your snuffling and snubbing, or I'll give you something to cry 'bout"; and, roughly catching me by the arm, he hurried me off, despite the entreaty of Master Ed, the cries of mother, and the feeble supplication of grandfather. I dared to cast one look behind, and beheld my mother wallowing in the dust, whilst her frantic cries of "save my child, save my child!" rang with fearful agony in my ears. Master Ed covered his face with his hands, and old grandfather reverently raised his to Heaven, as if beseeching mercy. The sight of this anguish-stricken group filled me with a new sense of horror, and forgetful of the presence of Peterkin, I burst into tears; but I was quicky recalled by a fierce and stinging blow from his stout riding-whip.

"See here, nigger (this man, raised among negroes, used their dialect), if you dar' to give another whimper, I'll beat the very life out 'en yer." This terrific threat seemed to scare away every thought of precaution; and, by a sudden and agile bound, I broke loose from him and darted off to the sad group, from which I had been so ruthlessly torn, and, sinking down before Master Ed, I cried out in a wild, despairing tone, "save me, good master, save—kill me, or hide me from that awful man, he'll kill me"; and, seizing hold of the skirt of his coat, I covered my face with it to shut out the sight of Peterkin, whose red eye-balls were glaring with fury upon me. Oath after oath escaped his lips. Mother saw him rapidly approaching to recapture me, and, with the noble, maternal instinct of self-sacrifice, sprang forward only to receive the heavy blow of his uplifted whip. She reeled, tottered and sank stunned upon the ground.

"Thar, take that, you yaller hussy, and cuss yer nigger hide for daring to raise this rumpus here," he said, as he rapidly strode past her.

"Gently, Mr. Peterkin," exclaimed Master Edward, "let me speak to her; a little encouragement is better than force."

"This is my encouragement for them," and he shook his whip.

Unheeding him, Master Edward turned to me, saying, "Ann, come now, be a good girl, go with this gentleman, and be an obedient girl; he will give you a kind, nice home; sometimes he will let you come to see your mother. Here is some money for you to buy a pretty head-handkerchief; now go with him." These kind words and encouraging tones, brought a fresh gush of tears to my eyes. Taking the half-dollar which he offered me, and reverently kissing the skirt of his coat, I rejoined Peterkin; one look at his cold, harsh face, chilled my resolution; yet I had resolved to go without another word of complaint. I could not suppress a groan when I passed the spot where my mother lay still insensible from the effects of his blow.

One by one the servants, old and young, gave me a hearty shake of the hand as I passed the place where they were standing in a row for the inspection of buyers.

I had nerved myself, and now that the parting from mother was over, I felt that the bitterness of death was past, and I could meet anything. Nothing now could be a trial, yet I was touched when the servants offered me little mementoes and keepsakes. One gave a yard of ribbon, another a half-paper of pins, a third presented a painted cotton head-tie; the others gave me ginger-cakes, candies or small coins. Out of their little they gave abundantly, and small as were the bestowments, I well knew that they had made sacrifices to give even so much. I was too deeply affected to make any other acknowledgment than a nod of the head; for a choking thickness was gathering in my throat, and a blind mist obscured my sight. I did not see my young mistresses, for they had left the house declaring they could not bear to witness a spectacle so revolting to their feelings.

Upon reaching the gate I observed a red-painted wagon, with an awning of domestic cotton. Standing near it, and holding the horse, was an old, worn, scarred, weather-beaten negro man, who instantly took off his hat as Mr. Peterkin approached.

"Well, Nace, you see I've bought this wench to-day," and he shook his whip over my head.

"Ya! ya! Massa, but she ha' got one goot home wid yer."

"Yes, has she, Nace; but don't yer think the slut has been cryin' 'bout it!"

"Lor' bless us, Massa, but a little of the beech-tree will fetch that sort of truck out of her," and old Nace showed his broken teeth, as he gave a forced laugh.

"I guess I can take the fool out en her, by the time I gives her two or three swings at the whippin'-post.

Nace shook his head knowingly, and gave a low guttural laugh, by way of approval of his master's capabilities.

"Jump in the wagon, gal," said my new master, "jump in quick; I likes to see niggers active, none of your pokes 'bout me; but this will put sperit in 'em," and there was another defiant flourish of the whip.

I got in with as much haste and activity as I could possibly command. This appeared to please Mr. Peterkin, and he gave evidence of it by saying—

"Well, that does pretty well; a few stripes a day, and you'll be a valerble slave"; and, getting in the vehicle himself, he ordered Nace to drive on "*pretty peart*," as night would soon overtake us.

Just as we were starting I perceived Josh, one of my playmates, running after us with a small bundle, shouting,

"Here, Ann, you've lef' yer bundle of close."

"Stop, Nace," said Mr. Peterkin, "let's git the gal's duds, or I'll be put to the 'spence of gittin' new ones for her."

Little Josh came bounding up, and, with an affectionate manner, handed me the little wallet that contained my entire wardrobe. I leaned forward, and, in a muffled tone, but with my whole heart hanging on my lip, asked Josh "how is mother?" but a cut of Nace's whip, and a quick "gee-up," put me beyond the hearing of the reply. I strained my eyes after Josh, to interpret the motion of his lips.

In a state of hopeless agony I sat through the remainder of the journey. The coarse jokes and malignant threats of Mr. Peterkin were answered with laughing and dutiful assent by the veteran Nace. I tried to deceive my persecutors by feigning sleep, but, ah, a strong finger held my lids open, and slumber fled away to gladden lighter hearts and bless brighter eyes.

A VIEW OF THE NEW HOME.

The young moon had risen in mild and meek serenity to bless the earth. With a strange and fluctuating light the pale rays played over the leaves and branches of the forest trees, and flickered fantastically upon the ground! Only a few stars were discernible in the highest dome of heaven! The lowing of wandering cows, or the chirp of a night-bird, had power to beguile memory back to a thousand vanished joys. I mused and wept; still the wagon jogged along. Mr. Peterkin sat half-sleeping beside old Nace, whose occasional "gee-up" to the lagging horses, was the only human sound that broke the soft serenity! Every moment seemed to me an age, for I dreaded the awakening of my cruel master. Ah, little did I dream that that horrid day's experience was but a brief foretaste of what I had yet to suffer; and well it was for me that a kind and merciful Providence veiled that dismal future from my gaze. About midnight I had fallen into a quiet sleep, gilded by the sweetest dream, a dream of the old farm-house, of mother, grandfather, and my companions.

From this vision I was aroused by the gruff voice of Peterkin bidding me get out of the wagon. The voice was to me more frightful and fearful than the blast of the last trump. Springing suddenly up, I threw off the shackles of sleep; and consciousness, with all its direful burden, returned fully to me. Looking round, by the full light of the moon, I beheld a large country house, half hidden among trees. A white paling enclosed the ground, and the scent of dewy roses and other garden flowers filled the atmosphere.

"Now, Nace, put up the team, and git yourself to bed," said Peterkin. Turning to me he added, "give this gal a blanket, and let her sleep on the floor in Polly's cabin; keep a good watch on her, that she don't try to run off."

"Need n't fear dat, Massa, for de bull-dog tear her to pieces if she 'tempt dat. By gar, I'd like to see her be for tryin' it;" and the old negro gave a fiendish laugh, as though he thought it would be rare sport.

Mr. Peterkin entered the handsome house, of which he was the rich and respected owner, whilst I, conducted by Nace, repaired to a dismal cabin. After repeated knocks at the door of this most wretched hovel, an old crone of a negress muttered between her clenched teeth, "Who's dar?"

"It's me, Polly; what you be 'bout dar, dat you don't let me in?"

"What for you be bangin' at my cabin? I's got no bisness wid you."

"Yes, but I's got bisiness wid you; stir yer ole stumps now."

"I shan't be for troublin' myself and lettin' you in my cabin at dis hour ob de night-time; and if you does n't be off, I'll make Massa gib you a sound drubbin' in de mornin'."

"Ha, ha! now I'm gots you sure; for massa sends me here himsef."

This was enough for Polly; she broke off all further colloquy, and opened the door instantly.

The pale moonlight rested as lovingly upon that dreary, unchinked, rude, and wretched hovel, as ever it played over the gilded roof and frescoed dome of ancient palaces; but ah, what squalor did it not reveal! There, resting upon pallets of straw, like pigs in a litter, were groups of children, and upon a rickety cot the old woman reposed her aged limbs. How strange, lonely, and forbidding appeared that tenement, as the old woman stood in the doorway, her short and scanty kirtles but poorly concealing her meagre limbs. A dark, scowling countenance looked out from under a small cap of faded muslin; little bleared eyes glared upon me, like the red light of a heated furnace. Instinctively I shrank back from her, but Nace was tired, and not wishing to be longer kept from his bed, pushed me within the door, saying—

"Thar, Polly, Massa say dat gal mus' sleep in dar."

"Come 'long in, gal," said the woman, and closing the door, she pointed to a patch of straw, "sleep dar."

The moonbeams stole in through the crevices and cracks of the cabin, and cast a mystic gleam upon the surrounding objects. Without further word or comment, Polly betook herself to her cot, and was soon snoring away as though there were no such thing as care or slavery in the world. But to me sleep was a stranger. There I lay through the remaining hours of the night, wearily thinking of mother and home. "Sold," I murmured. "What is it to be sold? Why was *I* sold? Why separated from my mother and friends? Why could n't mother come with me, or I stay with her? I never saw Mr. Peterkin before. Who gave him the right to force me from my good home and kind friends?" These questions would arise in my mind, and, alas! I had no answers for them. Young and ignorant as I was, I had yet some glimmering idea of justice. Later in life, these same questions have often come to me, as sad commentaries upon the righteousness of human laws; and, when sitting in splendid churches listening to ornate and *worldly* harangues from *holy men*, these same thoughts have tingled upon my tongue. And I have been surprised to see how strangely these men mistake the definition of servitude. Why, from the exposition of the worthy divines, one would suppose that servitude was a fair synonym for slavery! Admitting that we are the descendants of the unfortunate Ham, and endure our bondage as the penalty affixed to his crime, there can be no argument or fact adduced, whereby to justify slavery as a moral right. Serving and being a slave are very different. And why may not Ham's descendants claim a reprieve by virtue of the passion and death of Christ? Are we excluded from the grace of that atonement? No; there is no argument, no reason, to justify slavery, save that of human cupidity. But there will come a day, when each and every one who has violated that divine rule, "Do unto others as you would have them do unto you," will stand with a fearful accountability before the Supreme Judge. Then will there be loud cries and lamentations, and a wish for the mountains to hide them from the eye of Judicial Majesty.

The next morning I rose with the dawn, and sitting upright upon my pallet, surveyed the room and its tenants. There, in comfortless confusion, upon heaps of straw, slumbered five children, dirty and ragged. On the broken cot, with a remnant of a coverlet thrown over her, lay Aunt Polly. A few broken stools and one pine box, with a shelf containing a few tins, constituted the entire furniture.

"And this wretched pen is to be my home; these dirty-looking children my associates." Oh, how dismal were my thoughts; but little time had I for reflection. The shrill sound of a hunting-horn was the summons for the servants to arise, and woe unto him or her who was found missing or tardy when the muster-roll was called. Aunt Polly and the five children sprang up, and soon dressed themselves. They then appeared in the yard, where a stout, athletic man, with full beard and a dull eye, stood with whip in hand. He called over the names of all, and portioned out their daily task. With a smile more of terror than pleasure, they severally received their orders. I stood at the extremity of the range. After disposing of them in order, the overseer (for such he was) looked at me fiercely, and said:

"Come here, gal."

With a timid step, I obeyed.

"What are you fit for? Not much of anything, ha?" and catching hold of my ear he pulled me round in front of him, saying,

"Well, you are likely-looking; how much work can you do?"

I stammered out something as to my willingness to do anything that was required of me. He examined my hands, and concluding from their dimensions that I was best suited for house-work, he bade me remain in the kitchen until after breakfast. When I entered the room designated, par palittesse, as the kitchen, I was surprised to find such a desolate and destitute-looking place. The apartment, which was very small, seemed to be a sort of Pandora's box, into which everything of household or domestic use had been crowded. The walls were hung round with saddles, bridles, horse-blankets, &c. Upon a swinging shelf in the centre of the room were ranged all the seeds, nails, ropes, dried elms, and the rest of the thousand and one little notions of domestic economy. A rude, wooden shelf contained a dark, rusty row of unclean tins; broken stools and old kegs were substituted for chairs; upon these were stationed four or five ebony children; one of them, a girl about nine years old, with a dingy face, to which soap and water seemed foreign, and with shaggy, moppy hair, twisted in short, stringy plaits, sat upon a broken keg, with a squalid baby in her lap, which she jostled upon her knee, whilst she sang in a sharp key, "hushy-by-baby." Three other wretched children, in tow-linen dresses, whose brevity of skirts made a sad appeal to the modesty of spectators, were perched round this girl, whom they called Amy. They were furiously begging Aunt Polly (the cook) to give them a piece of hoe-cake.

"Be off wid you, or I'll tell Massa, or de overseer," answered the beldame, as their solicitations became more clamorous. This threat had power to silence the most earnest demands of the stomach, for the fiend of hunger was far less dreaded than the lash of Mr. Jones, the overseer. My entrance, and the sight of a strange face, was a diversion for them. They crowded closer to Amy, and eyed me with a half doubtful, and altogether ludicrous air.

"Who's her?" "whar she come from?" "when her gwyn away?" and such like expressions, escaped them, in stifled tones.

"Come in, set down," said Aunt Polly to me, and, turning to the group of children, she levelled a poker at them.

"Keep still dar, or I'll break your pates wid dis poker."

Instantly they cowered down beside Amy, still peeping over her shoulder, to get a better view of me. With a very uneasy feeling I seated myself upon the broken stool, to which Aunt Polly pointed. One of the boldest of the children came up to me, and, slyly touching my dress, said, "tag," then darted off to her hiding-place, with quite the air of a victress. Amy made queer grimaces at me. Every now and then placing her thumb to her nose, and gyrating her finger towards me, she would drawl out, "you ka-n-t kum it." All this was perfect jargon to me; for at home, though we had been but imperfectly protected by clothing from the vicissitudes of seasons, and though our fare was simple, coarse, and frugal, we had been kindly treated, and our manners trained into something like the softness of humanity. There, as regularly as the Sunday dawned, were we summoned to the house to hear the Bible read, and join (though at a respectful distance) with the family in prayer. But this I subsequently learned was an unusual practice in the neighbourhood, and was attributed to the fact, that my master's wife had been born in the State of Massachuseets, where the people were crazy and fanatical enough to believe that "niggers" had souls, and were by God held to be responsible beings.

The loud blast of the horn was the signal for the "hands" to suspend their labour and come to breakfast. Two negro men and three women rushed in at the door, ravenous for their rations. I looked about for the table, but, seeing none, concluded it had yet to be arranged; for at home we always took meals on a table. I was much surprised to see each one here take a slice of fat bacon and a pone of bread in his or her hand, and eat it standing.

"Well," said one man, "I'd like to git a bit more bread."

"You's had your sher," replied Aunt Polly. "Mister Jones ses one slice o' meat and a pone o' bread is to be the 'lowance."

"I knows it, but if thar's any scraps left from the house table, you wimmin folks always gits it."

"Who's got de bes' right? Sure, and arn't de one who cooks it got de bes' right to it?" asked Polly, with a triumphant voice.

"Ha, ha!" cried Nace, "here comes de breakfast leavin's, now who's smartest shall have 'em;" whereupon Nace, his comrade, and the three women, seized a waiter of fragments of biscuit, broiled ham, coffee, &c., the remains of the breakfast prepared for the white family.

"By gar," cried Nace, "I've got de coffee-pot, and I'll drink dis;" so, without further ceremony, he applied the spout to his mouth, and, sans cream or sugar, he quaffed off the grounds. Jake possessed himself of the ham, whilst the two women held a considerable contest over a biscuit. Blow and lie passed frequently between them. Aunt Polly brandished her skimmer-spoon, as though it were Neptune's trident of authority; still she could not allay the confusion which these excited cormorants raised. The children yelled out and clamoured for a bit; the sight and scent of ham and biscuits so tantalized their palates, that they forgot even the terror of the whip. I stood all agape, looking on with amazement.

The two belligerent women stood with eyes blazing like comets, their arms twisted around each other in a very decided and furious rencontre. One of them, losing her balance, fell upon the floor, and, dragging the other after her, they rolled and wallowed in a cloud of dust, whilst the disputed biscuit, in the heat of the affray, had been dropped on the hearth, where, unperceived by the combatants, Nace had possessed himself of it, and was happily masticating it.

Melinda, the girl from whom the waiter had been snatched, doubtless much disappointed by the loss of the debris, returned to the house and made a report of the fracas.

Instantly and unexpectedly, Jones, flaming with rage, stood in the midst of the riotous group. Seizing hold of the women, he knocked them on their heads with his clenched fists.

"Hold, black wretches, come, I will give you a leetle fun; off now to the post."

Then such appeals for mercy, promises of amendment, entreaties, excuses, &c., as the two women made, would have touched a heart of stone; but Jones had power to resist even the prayers of an angel. To him the cries of human suffering and the agony of distress were music. My heart bled when I saw the two victims led away, and I put my hands to my ears to shut out the screams of distress which rang with a strange terror on the morning air. Poor, oppressed African! thorny and rugged is your path of life! Many a secret sigh and bleeding tear attest your cruel martyrdom! Surely He, who careth alike for the high and the low, looks not unmoved upon you, wearing and groaning beneath the pressing burden and galling yoke of a most inhuman bondage. For you there is no broad rock of Hope or Peace to cast its shadow of rest in this "weary land." You must sow in tears and reap in sorrow. But He, who led the children of Israel from the house of bondage and the fetters of captivity, will, in his own inscrutable way, lead you from the condition of despair, even by the pillar of fire and the cloud. Great changes are occurring daily, old constitutions are tottering, old systems, fraught with the cruelty of darker ages, are shaking to their centres. Master minds are everywhere engaged. Keen eyes and vigilant hearts are open to the wrongs of the poor, the lowly and the outcast. An avenging angel sits concealed 'mid the drapery of the wasting cloud, ready to pour the vials of God's wrath upon a haughty and oppressive race. In the threatened famine, see we nothing but an accidental failure of the crops? In the exhausted coffers and empty public treasury, is there nothing taught but the lesson of national extravagance? In the virulence of disease, the increasing prevalence of fatal epidemics, what do we read? Send for the seers, the wise men of the nation, and bid them translate the "mysterious writing on the wall." Ah, well may ye shake, Kings of Mammon, shake upon your tottering throne of human bones! Give o'er your sports, suspend your orgies, dash down the jewelled cup of unhallowed joy, sparkling as it is to the very brim. You must pay, like him of old, the fearful price of sin. God hath not heard, unmoved, the anguished cries of a down-trodden and enslaved nation! And it needs no Daniel to tell, that "God hath numbered your Kingdom and it is finished."

As may be supposed, I had little appetite for my breakfast, but I managed to deceive others into the belief that I had made a hearty meal. But those screams from half-famished wretches had a fatal and terrifying fascination; never once could I forget it.

A look of fright was on the face of all. "They be gettin' awful beatin' at the post," muttered Nace, whilst a sardonic smile flitted over his hard features. Was it not sad to behold the depths of degradation into which this creature had fallen? He could smile at the anguish of a fellow-creature. Originally, his nature may have been kind and gentle; but a continuous system of brutality had so deadened his sensibilities, that he had no humanity left. *For this*, the white man is accountable.

After the breakfast was over, I received a summons to the house. Following Melinda, I passed the door-sill, and stood in the presence of the assembled household. A very strange group I thought them. Two girls were seated beside the uncleared breakfast table, "trying their fortune" (as the phrase goes) with a cup of coffee-grounds and a spoon. The elder of the two was a tall, thin girl, with sharp features, small gray eyes, and red hair done up in frizettes; the other was a prim, dark-skinned girl, with a set of nondescript features, and hair of no particular hue, or "just any colour;" but with the same harsh expression of face that characterized the elder. As she received the magic cup from her sister, she exclaimed, "La, Jane, it will only be two years until you are married," and made a significant grimace at her father (Mr. Peterkin), who sat near the window, indulging in the luxury of a cob-pipe. The taller girl turned toward me, and asked,

"Father, is that the new girl you bought at old Nelson's sale?"

"Yes, that's the gal. Does she suit you?"

"Yes, but dear me! how very light she is—almost white! I know she will be impudent."

"She has come to the wrong place for the practice of that article," suggested the other.

"Yes, gal, you has got to mind them ar' *wimmen*," said Mr. Peterkin to me, as he pointed toward his daughters.

"Father, I do wish you would quit that vulgarism; say *girl*, not gal, and *ladies*, not women."

"Oh, I was never *edicated*, like you."

"*Educated*, is the word."

"Oh, confound your dictionaries! Ever since that school-marm come out from Yankee-land, these neighbourhood gals talk so big, nobody can understand 'em."

THE YANKEE SCHOOL-MISTRESS—HER PHILOSOPHY—THE AMERICAN ABOLITIONISTS.

The family with whom I now found a home, consisted of Mr. Peterkin and his two daughters, Jane and Matilda, and a son, John, much younger than the ladies.

The death of Mrs. Peterkin had occurred about three years before I went to live with them. The girls had been very well educated by a Miss Bradley, from Massachusetts, a spinster of "no particular age." From her, the Misses Peterkin learned to set a great value upon correct and elegant language. She was the model and instructress of the country round; for, under her jurisdiction, nearly all the farmers' daughters had been initiated into the mysteries of learning. Scattered about, over the house, I used to freqently find odd leaves of school-books, elementary portions of natural sciences, old readers, story-books, novels, &c. These I eagerly devoured; but I had to be very secret about it, studying by dying embers, reading by moonlight, sun-rise, &c. Had I been discovered, a severe punishment would have followed. Miss Jane used to say, "a literary negro was disgusting, not to be tolerated." Though she quarrelled with the vulgar talk and bad pronunciation of her father, he was made of too rough material to receive a polish; and, though Miss Bradly had improved the minds of the girls, her efforts to soften their hearts had met with no success. They were the same harsh, cold and selfish girls that she had found them. It was Jane's boast that she had whipped more negroes than any other girl of her age. Matilda, though less severe, had still a touch of the tigress.

This family lived in something like "style." They were famed for their wealth and social position throughout the neighbourhood. The house was a low cottage structure, with large and airy apartments; an arching its trelised balustrade the clematis vine twined in rich luxuriance. A primrose-walk led up to the door, and the yard blossomed like a garden, with the fairest flowers. It was a very Paradise of homes; pity, ah pity 'twas, that human fiends marred its beauty. There the sweet flowers bloomed, the young birds warbled, pure springs gushed forth with limpid joy—there truly, "All, save the spirit of man, was divine." The traveller often paused to admire the tasteful arrangements of the grounds, the neat and artistic plan of the house, and the thorough "air" of everything around. It seemed to bespeak refined minds, and delicate, noble natures; but oh, the flowers were no symbols of the graces of their hearts, for the dwellers of this highly-adorned spot were people of coarse natures, rough and cruel as barbarians. The nightly stars and the gentle moon, the deep glory of the noontide, or the blowing of twilight breezes over this chosen home, had no power to ennoble or elevate their souls. Acts of diabolical cruelty and wickedness were there perpetrated without the least pang of remorse or regret. Whilst the white portion of the family were revelling in luxury, the slaves were denied the most ordinary necessaries. The cook, who prepared the nicest dainties, the most tempting viands, had to console herself with a scanty diet, coarse enough to shock even a beggar. What wonder, then, if the craving of the stomach should allow her no escape from downright theft! Who is there that could resist? Where is the honesty that could not, under such circumstances, find an argument to justify larceny?

Every evening Miss Bradly came to spend an hour or so with them. The route from the school to her boarding-house wound by Mr. Peterkin's residence, and the temptation to talk to the young ladies, who were emphatically the belles of the neighbourhood, was too great for resistance. This lady was of that class of females which we meet in every quarter of the globe—of perfectly kind intentions, yet without the independence necessary for their open and free expression. Bred in the North, and having from her infancy imbibed the spirit of its free institutions, in her secret soul she loathed the abomination of slavery, every pulse of her heart cried out against it, yet with a strange compliance she lived in its midst, never once offering an objection or an argument against it. It suited *her policy* to laugh with the pro-slavery man at the fanaticism of the Northern Abolitionist. With a Judas-like hypocrisy, she sold her conscience for silver; and for a mess of pottage, bartered the noble right of free expression. 'Twas she, base renegade from a glorious cause, who laughed loudest and repeated wholesale libels and foul aspersions upon the able defenders of abolition—noble and generous men, lofty philanthropists, who are willing, for the sake of principle, to wear upon their brows the mark of social and political ostracism! But a day is coming, a bright millennial day, when the names of these inspired prophets shall be inscribed proudly upon the litany of freedom; when their noble efforts for social reform shall be told in wondering pride around the winter's fire. Then shall their fame shine with a glory which no Roman tradition can eclipse. Freed from calumny, the names of Parker, Seward and Sumner, will be ranked, as they deserve to be, with Washington, Franklin and Henry. All glory to the American Abolitionists. Though they must now possess their souls in patience, and bear the brand of social opprobrium, yet will posterity accord them the meed of everlasting honour. They "who sow in dishonour shall be raised in glory." Already the watchman upon the tower has discerned the signal. A light beameth in the East, which no man can quench. A fire has broken forth, which needs only a breath to fan it into a flame. The eternal law of sovereign right will vindicate itself. In the hour of feasting and revelry the dreadful bolt of retribution fell upon Gomorrah.

CONVERSATION WITH MISS BRADLEY—A LIGHT BREAKS THROUGH THE DARKNESS.

I had been living with Mr. Peterkin about three years, during which time I had frequently seen Miss Bradly. One evening when she called (as was her custom after the adjournment of school), she found, upon inquiry, that the young ladies had gone out, and would not probably be back for several hours. She looked a little disconcerted, and seemed doubtful whether she would go home or remain. I had often observed her attentively watching me, yet I could not interpret the look; sometimes I thought it was of deep, earnest pity. Then it appeared only an anxious curiosity; and as commisseration was a thing which I seldom met with, I tried to guard my heart against anything like hope or trust; but on this afternoon I was particularly struck by her strange and irresolute manner. She turned several times to leave, then suddenly stopped, and, looking very earnestly at me, asked, "Did you say the girls would not return for several hours?"

Upon receiving an answer in the affirmative, she hesitated a moment, and then inquired for Mr. Peterkin. He was also from home, and would prabably be absent for a day or two. "Is there no white person about the place?" she asked, with some trepidation.

"Not one is here but the slaves," I replied, perhaps in a sorrowful tone, for the word "slave" always grated upon my ear, yet I frequently used it, in obedience to a severe and imperative conventionality.

"Well, then, Ann, come and sit down near me; I want to talk with you awhile."

This surprised me a great deal. I scarcely knew what to do. The very idea of sitting down to a conversation with a white lady seemed to me the wildest improbability. A vacant stare was the only answer I could make. Certainly, I did not dream of her being in earnest.

"Come on, Ann," she said, coaxingly; but, seeing that my amazement increased, she added, in a more persuasive tone, "Don't be afraid, I am a friend to the coloured race."

This seemed to me the strangest fiction. A white lady, and yet a friend to the coloured race! Oh, impossible! such condescension was unheard of! What! she, a refined woman, with a snowy complexion, to stoop from her proud elevation to befriend the lowly Ethiopian! Why, she could not, she dare not! Almost stupified with amazement, I stood, with my eyes intently fixed upon her.

"Come, child," she said, in a kind tone, and placing her hand upon my shoulder, she endeavoured to seat me beside her, "look up—be not ashamed, for I am truly your friend. Your downcast look and melancholy manner have often struck me with sorrow."

To this I could make no reply. Utterance was denied me. My tongue clove to the roof of my mouth; a thick, filmy veil gathered before my sight; and there I stood like one turned to stone. But upon being frequently reassured by her gentle manner and kind words, I at length controlled my emotions, and, seating myself at her feet, awaited her communication.

"Ann, you are not happy here?"

I said nothing, but she understood my look.

"Were you happy at home?"

"I was;" and the words were scarcely audible.

"Did they treat you kindly there?"

"Indeed they did; and there I had a mother, and was not lonely."

"They did not beat you?"

"No, no, they did not," and large tears gushed from my burning eyes; for I remembered with anguish, how many a smarting blow had been given to me by Mr. Jones, how many a cuff by Mr. Peterkin, and ten thousand knocks, pinches, and tortures, by the young ladies.

"Don't weep, child," said Miss Bradly, in a soothing tone, and she laid her arm caressingly around my neck. This kindness was too much for my fortitude, and bursting through all restraints I gave vent to my feelings in a violent shower of tears. She very wisely allowed me some time for the gratification of this luxury. I at length composed myself, and begged her pardon for this seeming disrespect.

"But oh, my dear lady, you have spoken so kindly to me that I forgot myself."

"No apology, my child, I tell you again that I am your friend, and with me you can be perfectly free. Look upon me as a sister; but now that your excited feelings have become allayed, let me ask you why your master sold you?"

I explained to her that it was necessary to the equal division of the estate that some of the slaves should be sold, and that I was among the number.

"A bad institution is this one of slavery. What fearful entailments of anguish! Manage it as the most humane will, or can, still it has horrible results. Witness your separation from your mother. Did these thoughts never occur to you?"

I looked surprised, but dare not tell her that often had vague doubts of the justice of slavery crossed my mind. Ah, too much I feared the lash, and I answered only by a mournful look of assent.

"Ann, did you never hear of the Abolition Society?"

I shook my head. She paused, as if doubtful of the propriety of making a disclosure; but at length the better principle triumphed, and she said, "There is in the Northern States an organization which devotes its energies and very life to the cause of the slave. They wish to abolish the shameful system, and make you and all your persecuted race as free and happy as the whites."

"Does there really exist such a society; or is it only a wild fable that you tell me, for the purpose of allaying my present agony?"

"No, child; I do not deceive you. This noble and beneficent society really lives; but it does not, I regret to say, flourish as it should."

"And why?" I asked, whilst a new wonder was fastening on my mind.

"Because," she answered, "the larger portion of the whites are mean and avaricious enough to desire, for the sake of pecuniary aggrandizement, the enslavement of a race, whom the force of education and hereditary prejudice have taught them to regard as their own property."

I did but dimly conceive her meaning. A slow light was breaking through my cloudy brain, kindling and inflaming hopes that now shine like beacons over the far waste of memory. Should I, could I, ever be *free?* Oh, bright and glorious dream! how it did sparkle in my soul, and cheer me through the lonely hours of bondage! This hope, this shadow of a hope, shone like a mirage far away upon the horizon of a clouded future.

Miss Bradly looked thoughtfully at me, as if watching the effect of her words; but she could not see that the seed which she had planted, perhaps carelessly, was destined to fructify and flourish through the coming seasons. I longed to [illegible] this ready "sesame," unlocked its deepest chambers. I dared not unfold even to her the wild dreams and strange hopes which I was indulging.

I spied Melinda coming up, and signified to Miss Bradly that it would be unsafe to prolong the conversation, and quickly she departed; not, however, without reassuring me of the interest which she felt in my fate.

"What was Miss Emily Bradly talking wid you 'bout?" demanded Melinda, in a surly tone.

"Nothing that concerns you," I answered.

"Well, but you'll see that it consarns yerself, when I goes and tells Masser on you."

"What can you tell him on me?"

"Oh, I knows, I hearn you talking wid dat 'ar woman;" and she gave a significant leer of her eye, and lolled her tongue out of her mouth, *à la* mad dog.

I was much disturbed lest she had heard the conversation, and should make a report of it, which would redound to the disadvantage of my new friend. I went about my usual duties with a slow and heavy heart; still, sometimes, like a star shining through clouds, was that little bright hope of liberty.

CONSPIRACIES OF THE SLAVES.

From The New York Evening Post.

THE air is full of rumours of meditated insurrections among the blacks of the Southern States. The Kentucky members of Congress on Saturday were talking of a conspiracy of the slaves against their masters in the Southern part of their State, which had been detected and broken up. We published on Saturday, a telegraphic despatch from Nashville, in Tennessee, to the effect that extensive arrangements had been made for a rising of the blacks on Christmas day, that stores of arms and ammunition had been provided for the purpose, that a mine had been made beneath a church at a place called Louisa Furnace, in Montgomery County, by which the congregation were to be blown up and destroyed. It is added that numerous arrests of the ringleaders had been made, and that the accused had fully confessed their guilt. The alarm caused by this discovery, and the sense of danger, had produced their natural effect in the precautions which have been taken. The patrols which make their nightly rounds in that part of the country had been strengthened, and the house-keepers were all well-armed.

This conspiracy seems to have been a branch of an earlier one which had been detected, and, as it was imagined, suppressed. It is said that the blacks had threatened to rise against the whites on the 14th of Oct., and a Louisiana journal, the *Morehouse Advocate*, published in Bastrop, gives the following account of its detection, and the punishment of two white men accused of being engaged in it:

"We learn from the Claiborne *Advocate* of the 21st ult., that an Abolitionist of the name of Hancock was arrested in Union County, Arkansas, a few weeks since, on suspicion of being engaged in an attempt to excite the slaves in that vicinity to insurrection, and after making some confessions, managed to escape; he has been captured, carried back to El Dorado, tried and shot. He was not found guilty on his trial, says the *Advocate*, but said he knew all about the matter, and who were engaged in it, but would not tell who they were. This so much excited and enraged the people that a mob of citizens, who were convinced of his guilt, after his trial seized him, carried him to the woods and shot him.

"Martin, another one of the villains engaged in the vile plot, was arrested last week, tried by a court at El Dorado, found guilty and hung. There was to be a general concentration of about 300 negroes at a given point, led on by Hancock and several others. The town of El Dorado was to be attacked, its inhabitants murdered, and money and provisions obtained by force. Kansas seems to have been their destination, where a promise of freedom was held out. The plot was to have matured on the 14th of last month.

"About a fortnight ago, there was considerable excitement among the citizens of our town, in consequence of a report put in circulation here to the effect that an insurrectionary movement had been discovered among the negroes in Ashley County, Ark. The plot was disclosed, as the tale goes, by a negro woman in that County to her master. This disclosure led to the examination of several others, which developed the fact that a considerable number of negroes in Arkansas, and the upper part of Morehouse, were engaged in the plot, led on by white men. In consequence of this rumour, a meeting of the citizens of our town was called, and twelve gentlemen were appointed to investigate whether or not any slaves in our town were connected with or knowing to the plot. The committee have examined several slaves in this place very strictly, and report that they have not been able to elicit, by a thorough examination, a single fact or any connection or knowledge on the part of the slaves in this vicinity with the contemplated insurrection. A number of planters in this neighbourhood have examined their negroes, but they have not been able to detect anything of a suspicious character."

It may be remembered by our readers that some weeks since we had a similar report from Texas—a rumour that the negroes had plotted to rise against their masters and flee to Mexico. At New Madrid, in Missouri, the citizens of New Madrid County held a meeting about the same time to determine what measures their safety required them to take in dealing with an alleged conspiracy among the blacks which was said to extend across the Missouri into Tennessee. What course they resolved upon we are not informed, but the Somerville *Star*, a Tennessee paper, of November 29, gives the following account of the method in which the Tennessee masters administered justice:

"Some weeks ago, during the insurrection excitement, we announced that twenty three negroes had been incarcerated by the Sheriff. Afterwards, upon trial of *habeas corpus*, seventeen of them were taken out, whipped and taken home, and the remaining six were detained for trial. On last Monday, these were brought out and tried before a regular empannelled jury and three justices, who ordered that five of them should be whipped four times in two weeks, thirty-nine lashes each time, and as a further punishment, that they should stand in the pillory four times—an hour each time. The sixth one, being an older man than the others, and for other considerations also, received but ten lashes."

Four negroes have since suffered death for the same offence at Dover, on the Cumberland run, in the same State.

How far the extent and formidable character of the meditated revolt of the slaves may have been exaggerated by the distrust of their masters, and by the alarm which is apt to attend every danger that is imperfectly disclosed, we cannot say; but this, at least, is certain, that over a tract of country, including a part at least of six or seven States of the Union, the whites live in a state of real or fancied insecurity, on account of the supposed enmity of the black race, who dwell as menial servants in their houses, and who cultivate their fields. The extent of the alarm may be inferred from the fact that two white men have already fallen victims to it—one of them deliberately murdered by a mob after he had been acquitted, and the other hanged after being convicted of the offence of instigating the blacks to revolt. In the meantime, it is sought to strike terror into the blacks by public whippings of the accused without conviction. Over a vast extent of country the patrols, by which the slaves are watched at night and kept from holding dangerous communications with each orther, are more active and vigilant than ever. No white man in that region lays his head on his pillow with perfect confidence that he will not be awakened before morning by a black hand at his throat, or by the blaze of his dwelling fired by his own work people.

We do not seek to exaggerate the evils of such a condition of society. This certainly is clear, that whether the alarm be well-founded or causeless, it exists to a degree which, in that part of the country, must make life uncomfortable until it is allayed, and leads to barbarous and merciless severities. We have only to imagine the fact of the conspiracy to have been made somewhat more clear, the preparations to have proceeded a little further, and the knowledge of it brought home to a greater number of persons—and we may conceive the bloody and summary vengeance which would have been wreaked upon the race concerned in the revolt.

These are the blessings of that institution which it has become a fashion with the Southern politicians to extol as the basis of the best possible state of human society. Certainly no man, except those who are grossly deluded or utterly indifferent to the welfare of their fellow-creatures, can wish to see an institution of which these are the natural fruits extended beyond its present limits.

From The Franklin (La.) Journal, Nov. 27.

The negroes arraigned in the parish of St. Martin's supposed to have been connected with an insurrectionary plot in that parish, have all been acquitted except a free boy, who is now in jail. There were several white men, whom it was suspected had acted in concert with them, for whom a warrant was issued; and the Deputy Sheriff of the parish came to this place on Saturday last, and accompanied by a posse, went in search of the fugitives, and below here, nearly opposite Pattersonville, took three of them from a flat-boat—on their way, we understand, to the terminus of the railroad. It is supposed that one of the parties arrested—whose name we do not remember—occupied a very conspicuous place in the movement of insurrection, having furnished the negroes with ammunition and arms. The free boy, and at least one of the white men, will suffer death for the part taken in the matter; and the Mr. Capdeboscq who bears so unenviable a reputation in this section for his outrageous conduct while residing here, should be summarily dealt with. He is a very dangerous character, and has no doubt done much to aggravate the present feeling among the coloured population.

From The Missouri Democrat, Dec. 4.

For the past month the journals from different Southern States have been filled with numberless alarms respecting contemplated risings of the negro population. In Tennessee, in Missouri, in Virginia and in Alabama, so imminent has been deemed the danger, that the most severe measures have been adopted to prevent their congregating or visiting after night, to suppress their customary attendance at neighbourhood preachings, and to keep a vigilant watch upon all their movements, by an efficient patrolling system. This is assuredly a most lamentable condition for the slave States, for nothing causes such terror upon the plantations as the bare suspicions of these insurrections.

In calling attention to the frequency and increase of the reported plots on the part of the slave population within the past year, we design not so much to speak of the measures which have been found necessary for their repression, as to point to one great cause which has more than all else encouraged and instigated them, and that is the baneful agitation of this slavery question by every demagogue in the slave States who wishes to acquire transient notoriety. In Missouri, especially, have we felt the effect of this slavery agitation and slavery extension policy upon the part of the nullification faction, who have sought to float into power and office by continually exciting the passions of men, and provoking discussion in regard to this theme; and we venture to assert that, in consequence thereof, more slaves have been induced to escape from their masters, more desperate resolutions have been put into their heads, and more general insecurity entailed upon that species of property within the past year, than during any five years preceding. Slaveholders are but now beginning to reap baneful consequences of the audience which has been granted of late to those debased politicians, whose only stock in trade was slavery propagandism. The ferment excited in the minds of the masters soon extended itself to the slaves—for all who have lived in slaveholding communities well know how eagerly every scrap of parlour conversation, every excited harangue on the stump, or loud-toned dispute in [illegible] burden of kitchen comment during the night. If no other evil had befallen the people of Missouri, and especially the slaveholding population, this alone would be sufficient ground to induce them to banish these pestiferous politicians from their regard, and visit upon them the full weight of their censure and condemnation. No other means presents itself of so speedily giving peace to the community, security to the country domicil, and elevation to the character of the State, as the utter repudiation of the Atchisons and Stringfellows, and all others of that kidney, who have disgraced our Commonwealth with impunity in the past, and who would lead our people into still more dangerous straits in the future.

CASS CRUSHED A LITTLE.

Correspondence of The N. Y. Tribune.

WASHINGTON, Dec. 2, 1856.

ONE of the most telling scenes of the discussion of to-day in the Senate occurred during Judge Trumbull's speech. In the clear and searching criticism to which he subjected the assertions of the Message, he alluded in passing to the President's declaration that the Missouri compromise was unconstitutional, and asked, "Does not every lawyer know, on the contrary, that the Supreme Court has decided that Congress has the same legislative powers over a Territory that a State Legislature has over its citizens?"

Gen. Cass (interrupting)—I should like the Senator to produce that decision. I have never seen it.

Judge Trumbull—Certainly. It will afford me great pleasure to enlighten the distinguished Senator from Michigan on this point. Page (turning to one of the Senate pages) bring me the first volume of Peters's Reports from the Library.

As the book was brought to him he resumed as follows:

Judge Trumbull—I will now read from page 546 of these Reports of the Decisions of the Supreme Court of the United States, what Chief Justice Marshall decided, in the case of The American Insurance Company *vs.* Canter, to wit: that *Congress, in legislating for the Territories, has the combined power of the General Government and a State Government.* Could there be anything broader and fuller?

Gen. Cass (nettled and cornered)—That only applies to cases where the Constitution gives power to legislate.

Judge Trumbull—No, sir; there is no quibbling qualification "under the Constitution" here, as in the Nebraska bill. The Court was deciding the constitutional power of Congress, and its extent in this very case; and their deliberate declaration, uttered by Chief Justice Marshall of Virginia, was that Congress, in passing laws for a Territory, had not only all the power that the General Government possesses in other legislation, but has in addition as ample authority as a State Legislature has within its borders. *Will the Senator from Michigan deny that the Michigan Legislature has full power to keep slavery out of that State?* If it has, then, the United States Supreme Court has decided that Congress have equally ample power to keep slavery out of the Territories.

Gen. Cass attempted no reply to this pointed and unanswerable illustration; and the Republican Senators smiled as they saw the Nicholson letter and the reams of paper that Gen. Cass has spoiled with his profound speeches in the last eight years, all brushed away by a single decision of the Supreme Court, of which, by the General's own hasty challenge for its production, he proved that he had been entirely ignorant.

NEW-ENGLAND DISCARDING HER LEADERS.

BUT the truth may as well come out. Massachusetts, and New England, and the North, have been for five-and-twenty years past under the leadership of men, socially and by culture, opinions and temperament, out of sympathy with the popular heart. A clique of polished, scholarly, adroit and personally pure and worthy men have represented Boston and New England. Admiring eloquence, refinement and taste, the people have been slow to believe these men not as much before them in largeness of heart, moral courage and political sagacity as they were manifestly above them in gifts of speech, polish of manners and influence in literary and social circles. Their worship of them has been generous, confiding, stable. The great questions of reform which have burdened the heart of New England, and which these leaders would not touch with so much as one of their fingers, the people—half suspicious of themselves for lacking the sympathy and guidance of their statesmen—have yet dealt with as they best could, courageously, ably and successfully. But, insensibly, the love, confidence and allegiance of the people have settled away from those it has found itself able to live without. The chasm has grown between the leaders and the host, and now it is just discovered that it is impassable. New England has this moment found out that her choice rhetoric, her elegant belles-lettres, her honeyed tongues, her spotless respectability, do not represent her; do not think her thoughts nor go her ways. She has discovered that Natick cobblers, at whom Beacon street and State street unaffectedly held their noses—that Waltham factory boys and men with names not found in any list of the Latin school or Harvard College, or of the mercantile aristocracy, are better spokesmen, more earnest and reliable representatives, more directly in sympathy with the great mass of right-minded people, than the proudest and most celebrated of her hereditary statesmen—the men whom as boys she petted and praised, and whom to this hour she has worn as jewels of State upon her neck.

The recent meeting at the Tremont Temple was, we unfeignedly believe, all that was necessary to make the partition final between Massachusetts and her rhetoricians, New England and her delicate and timid conservative politicians. It is sad to think that men as pure, as patriotic, as tasteful and ornamental as Messrs. Everett, Winthrop and Hillard, should, through their peculiar culture, provincial positions, personal tastes and general inaptness to the times, go down into their political graves. But so it must be. Massachusetts, New England, solemnly, respectfully, tenderly—but we doubt not unitedly and firmly—bids them an eternal farewell, as no longer to appear in Northern councils, no longer to be known in Northern policy."

National Anti-Slavery Standard.

WITHOUT CONCEALMENT—WITHOUT COMPROMISE.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, DECEMBER 13, 1856.

APPEAL OF THE MANAGERS

OF THE TWENTY-THIRD

NATIONAL ANTI-SLAVERY BAZAAR,

IN BEHALF OF THE CAUSE.

THE Bazaar will be opened on TUESDAY, Dec. 23, at 10 o'clock, A. M., HALL 15, WINTER STREET.

All that the Ladies-Managers resident in France, Switzerland and Italy could do, as well as those at home, conjointly with their friends in Great Britain, has been already successfully done, to make the Bazaar an unequalled occasion for the purchase of Christmas and New Year's Presents, and all sorts of beautiful and useful things. It now only remains for them to entreat general coöperation—the coöperation of all made aware by the recent teachings of the times, that the cause is their own no less than ours; that it is wisest to look far ahead in moral enterprises, nor spare toil nor treasure at the beginning.

☞ We ask for donations of money. It will be spent, as aforetime, by the AMERICAN ANTI-SLAVERY SOCIETY, in awakening that high, right-feeling in the hearts of men, which displaces corrupt statesmen, rebukes servile politicians, succours fugitive slaves, upholds the truth, stands by freedom, and defies tyranny, by demanding the immediate abolition of slavery. As our undertaking is *national*, we ask the help and sympathy of persons of every State and city of the nation to free our land from its now ruling curse.

☞ We ask (to save expenses) of gentlemen friendly to our object, who are manufacturers and mechanics,

A number of pieces of Lowell Cotton,
Packs of blank Cards,
Reams of Note-Paper,
Envelopes to correspond,
Narrow gilt Picture-Frames;

and, without more specification, of all of such as they have, nothing doubting a great crowd of purchasers.

☞ We entreat of friends in the country and city, for the Refreshment-Table, milk, cream, tea, sugar, coffee, eggs, bread, cake, crackers, butter, cheese, hams (thoroughly boiled), all kinds of cold cooked meats, potatoes, apples, and all sorts of preserved fruits.!

Donations may be addressed to the Ladies-Managers at 21 Cornhill, Boston, Mass., or to 138 Nassau street, New York, or to either of the undersigned at their respective homes.

Maria Weston Chapman,	Mary May,
Louisa Loring,	Eliza Lee Follen,
Anne Warren Weston,	Ann Greene Phillips,
Sarah Shaw Russell,	Frances Mary Robbins,
Helen E. Garrison,	Ann Rebecca Bramhall,
Sarah H. Southwick,	Mary Willey,
Abby Francis,	Ann Shaw Greene,
Eliza H. Apthorp,	Mary Gray Chapman,
Elizabeth Gay,	Henrietta Sargent,
Sarah Russell May,	Caroline Weston,
Susan C. Cabot,	Mary H. Jackson,
Sarah Blake Shaw,	Lydia D. Parker,
Eliza F. Eddy,	Evelina A. S. Smith,
Elizabeth Von Arnim,	Augusta King.

THE PRESIDENT'S MESSAGE.

PRESIDENT PIERCE is a credit to his country. He shows that no mere European can approach the head of the Model Republic in the skilful adaptation of language to the expression of the direct opposite of the truth. As we wish to be strictly parliamentary in our use of language, we have chosen this delicate periphrasis to express our sense of his latest and, thank Heaven, his last Message. King Bomba [illegible] against the proposed interference of England and France with his domestic relations with his Neapolitan subjects, and the paternal discipline he felt called upon to administer to Poerio and his other erring children, perhaps approached it in logic and in truthfulness, but it was a mere approximation and no overtaking. And in the other great art of government, the intrepidity of countenance which gives to that which is not the authority and assurance of that which is, he is equally in advance of any of the slownesses of Europe. Friar Bacon's Brazen Head must have yielded the palm to him in brassiness. The bronze has not yet been compounded that can stand a comparison with his forehead. At least, he proves that there are some qualities which have not become degenerate by transplantation to this side of the Atlantic. Our most bitter maligners must admit *that.*

We have no space to go into a critical examination of this remarkable State Paper—remarkable because submitted by a man whose personal insignificance cannot hinder his going into history, and being remembered chiefly by reason of the very facts which he covers up and disguises. Whatever his enemies may say to the discredit of his personal courage, there can be no question now as to his moral intrepidity. Whether he fainted on the field of battle or not, he has not quailed at a much more material crisis of his life. He may have been afraid of losing his life, but he certainly is not afraid of losing his character. Though, probably, he may think that that is a loss hard to make at this late period of his official career. The eminent misstatements, to use a mild phrase, of the affairs of Kansas which he has achieved demanded a coolness and resolution truly admirable. We leave to those whom it more immediately concerns his girds at the Republican party and his rebukes *ex cathedrâ* of his fellow-citizens for having dared to vote for whom they thought fit, though the impudence certainly is only equalled by the indecency of the scolding. For our part, we only hope that the Republicans may deserve the good character he gives them of being "really inflamed with the desire to change the domestic institutions of existing States." But we must do them the justice to say that they have ever disclaimed any such intention.

It is perfectly true, however, as he says, that this whole Republican Movement, the Sectionalism of which Mr. Pierce so much deplores, but which is in reality its chiefest merit, has sprung from the Agitation of the question of Slavery proper. If there had been no Garrison, there would have been no Fremont. The Republican Movement has been the direct fruit of the sowing of the Modern Abolitionists—they who demand the enfranchisement of the slave, not because it would be profitable to themselves or beneficial to the country, but because it is his Absolute Right and the unequivocal duty of his master. The Legislature of Georgia was wise in its generation when it offered that reward of $5,000 (still open to competition) for the head or body of Garrison. So were the demands of the various Southern Assemblies for the suppression of Anti-Slavery discussion at the North. So was the zeal of the Northern gentlemen of property and standing, who undertook, in every city and almost every village, to enforce these demands over the law, if it could not be done under it. If they only could have done this trifle, all the ills which have flowed from Free Speech and a Free Press would have been sealed up in their fountain-head.

No intelligent Republican, we presume, will deny this sequence of facts. Had the country been in the torpid state it was in five-and-twenty years ago, there would have been no need of the passage of Compromises or the Repeal of them. The necessary existence of Slavery being assumed as a self-evident fact, the blamelessness of the masters, and all the constitutional necessities which followed from its political recognition, were things to be submitted to as matters of course. The country needed just such a course of treatment as it received at the hands of the primitive Abolitionists. First principles were the tonics which the paralyzed state of the public conscience needed. And it seemed as if no medicine that pharmacopolist ever compounded was so nauseous as the simple elements of truth which the healing hands of the Abolitionists commended to the reluctant world. The very first foundation ideas of morality were scouted not only in Senate Chambers and Courts of Justice, but from the Chairs of Theological Seminaries and the pulpits of almost every sect of religion. The right of a man to his own body and his own wife, of a woman to her own children and her own virtue, were scouted at as the fanatical dreams of visionary philanthropists, or else Slavery was pronounced an institution eminently fitted to secure to them these blessings. There was no danger from sectional parties then. It was all Southern, and so pious and patriotic.

What is wanted now is a fresh exhibition of the same remedies. Had the entirety of Pennsylvania been ploughed up by Anti-Slavery lecturers and showered with Anti-Slavery publications, as Massachusetts and New England have been, the vote for Fremont would have rolled up much larger than it did—perhaps large enough to have overcome the opposition. People must first be made to feel what a thing Slavery is where it exists, and then you may hope to excite a horror of spreading it where it does not. Why should men who have grown up in the churches and political parties of most of the States care for the extension of Slavery into Kansas? If a good thing, or, if not the best thing, at least one not inconsistent with Christianity and Democracy, why should not the Slaveholders carry it thither, if they want it? If the Republican party wish to carry the Free States, and especially if they desire to deliver Pennsylvania and Indiana from the Slave parties, let them organize regular Anti-Slavery inroads into them and keep up a persistent agitation there. The best thing they can do will be to give the American Anti-Slavery Society $50,000 *per annum*, to expend as it thinks best. We will not promise them that we will urge men to join the Republican party. On the contrary, we shall do all we can to show them a more excellent way than that, and a higher aim to strive for. But we have not confidence enough in our own power to affirm that multitudes of our convertites will not stop to rest at the half-way house the Republicans keep open, or open every four years for a season, in spite of all we can do. We know that this has been the case hitherto, and we see no reason why we should expect anything better in time to come. But it is an advance on the vilenesses of Democracy and the meannesses of Know-Nothingism.

Whether they will do this or not, and we have not a sufficiently high opinion of their wisdom to expect they will, they should be willing to be taught by their enemy, a species of instruction which the ancients taught us it is always safe to regard. When one's enemy expresses a strong dissatisfaction at a particular course of conduct, it is very sure to be the very one that should be taken. When the Slaveholders and the pro-slavery North exhorted the early Abolitionists to cease from agitation and to leave the consideration of the delicate subject of Slavery to themselves alone, that perverse generation only girded up their loins afresh and went forward refreshed and encouraged by the assurance that they were doing precisely what they should do. So when President Pierce, who represents, as he says, "the aggregate population of the United States"—meaning, of course, the slaveholding oligarchy at the South and their blind or willing minions at the North—when he is horror-struck at the course they have been pursuing and the methods by which they have been created and endowed with whatever power they have had, they should read in his condemnation the authentic justification of both the one and the other. Sectional organization, on the one hand, is the political expediency they should cling to, and Anti-Slavery Agitation is the means whereby they can breathe an effectual life into the dry bones of politics. If there were no intrinsic evidence that Sectionalism is the one thing needful for political success, and Abolitionism as the breath of the nostrils of Sectionalism, the Republicans will have read President Pierce's Message to little purpose, if they do not find it within them.

KANSAS AFFAIRS.

THE *Times* of Wednesday has a despatch from Washington announcing the removal of Judge Lecompte and the appointment in his place of James O. Harrison of Lexington, Ky. The President, now that the election is over and the South has no more favours to bestow, probably thinks he can afford to turn the cold shoulder to Atchison and Stringfellow, and he may think such a course necessary to promote his scheme for making himself the successor of John P. Hale in the Senate. He seeks now to fill his sails by a breeze from the North!

Marshal Donaldson has also been superseded by Col. Spencer, formerly of Newark, O.; and Col. Titus, the military tool of the Border Ruffians, is gone or going to join Walker in Nicaragua. It is said that a number of Buford's men, and other vagabonds in Kansas, will accompany him.

Some time since, thirty-one of the Free State prisoners, some of whom had been sentenced to the penitentiary, made their escape from the jail at Tecumseh. We now have the pleasure of announcing the escape of nine others. The guard got drunk, and they walked off. Says the correspondent of the Cincinnati *Gazette*, "Gov. Geary seems to have repented that he ever had these men arrested, and would have been glad if he could have found some plausible way of getting rid of them before now. His policy now seems to be to permit them to escape in small parties at intervals, and I presume that in two or three weeks more the 'prison of the hundred' will be without a single occupant." The same writer thus describes the condition of the jail and its wretched inmates:

"It is hardly possible to conceive a more wretched or dilapidated building than the plank house in which the Free State prisoners are kept. Like a shed in a farmer's barn-yard, it is expected only to answer the purpose of a shelter to sleep under and retire to when it rains. Sentinels are stationed around it, and form a kind of barn-yard wall, to prevent escape. Two pieces of cannon are planted on elevated ground at a short distance and commanding the prison, designed, I suppose, if the soldiers should all escape, to spite them by firing into the tottering buildings. The filth and dirt in which they are compelled to live are almost indescribable, and to speak of the vermin would be sickening, yet some of them are very intelligent men, and it seemed strange to hear men who looked so bad talk so well."

The *Times* correspondent tells us how the first company of prisoners escaped:

"They had concluded on leaving, and an understanding of the ways and means existed among them. They all began to sing. The work of making holes through the walls then began, and, if the singing stopped in either of the rooms, it was the signal for the workmen to do likewise, and wait until the singing again commenced. The tools used in removing the bricks and mortar were the bayonets left for candlesticks. In the morning the bricks and mortar were replaced, and a coat hung carelessly over the place. All but the outside course of bricks were loosened, and a favourable opportunity waited for.

"Last night (Nov. 22) about 10 o'clock, the work upon the last course of bricks commenced, and a hole was soon made. The workman put his head out of the aperture; the night was dark; he could hear the measured tread of the sentinel as he paced up and down his beat, about thirty feet from the building. While the man was reconnoitering, another of the prisoners stood behind him, holding a blanket to prevent outsiders from catching a stray ray of light through the wall. The singing stopped, and out sprang the two leaders, closely followed by the others."

The Lawrence *Herald of Freedom*, of Nov. 29, speaks hopefully of the state of affairs in the Territory:

"It is evident to any observing person, that the pro-slavery party are desponding over their prospects in Kansas. They have seen that all their efforts are futile, and each effort has recoiled, with stunning effect, upon themselves. They commenced by threatening Abolitionists. People from the North disregarded those threats. They came into the Territory in great force, and wrested the elective franchise from the actual residents. They over-did the work, and suffered accordingly. They came again, on the 30th of March, 1855. Had they come with only one-half the number, their mission would have been less objectionable, and yet quite as valuable for them. They expelled the Free State members from the first Legislature. Here was another fatal move. They removed the temporary capitol to the Shawnee Mission, and only brought down censure upon them for the act. They passed a code of laws which Border Ruffians are ashamed of, because of their severity. Then all their acts of burning, pillaging, murdering and driving out of Free State settlers, have had their influence directly opposite from that desired. Instead of frightening away the actual residents, it has stimulated emigration, and induced thousands to come to Kansas who, otherwise, would never have thought of doing so.

"There has been a heavy stampede of pro-slavery men from the Territory, and hundreds of others are preparing to follow. It is our firm conviction, that the knowing ones have determined on abandoning the Territory, though they will keep up the bluster, and try and frighten Free State settlers back.

"We ask the Free State party to remain firm. Not to yield an inch, and yet be careful of intrenching upon the rights of others. . . . The political horizon of Kansas was never brighter than now. Courage, friends, and all is well."

The same paper also declares that "there is a class of irresponsible persons calling themselves Free State men, who are engaged in horse-stealing, and other crimes against pro-slavery settlers, and excusing themselves under the plea that they have sustained injuries at the hands of the party on which they commit their depredations"; and it adds: "Both parties will be compelled to join hands, in riding the country of the blacklegs, horse-thieves and murderers, with which Kansas is infested. If twenty or thirty of this class of persons on each side were disposed of *à la* Viksburg, we should have quiet again. A Vigilance Committee, made up of the members of both parties, is needed to bring to justice those who are labouring night and day, to bring about another collision between the conflicting political parties."

PENNSYLVANIA ANTI-SLAVERY FAIR.

THE PENNSYLVANIA ANTI-SLAVERY FAIR will be opened on the evening of Tuesday, the 16th inst, in the large Saloon of the Assembly Buildings, corner of Tenth and Chestnut streets, Philadelphia, and will continue open during the following three days.

A large and handsome assortment of articles, of foreign and domestic manufacture, will be offered for sale at market prices.

Among them will be found Worsted Work, in great variety, Children's Clothing, Ladies' Hoods, Scarfs, Aprons, Nubias, Shawls, etc.

Cabas and Workboxes, some of which are beautifully ornamented with carvings in oak, Vases, Candlesticks and Baskets.

One *Jardiniere*, or Parlour Garden, a beautiful French article, of exquisite workmanship.

Books, Stationery, Engravings, Autographs, Portfolios and Medallions, will be found on the Book Table; and the Toy Table will be abundantly furnished with attractions for our little friends.

The profits of the Fair are devoted to the circulation of anti-slavery Books, Tracts and Newspapers, and to the support of anti-slavery Lectures, chiefly in Pennsylvania.

The Managers of the Fair, while inviting the citizens generally to become their customers, especially urge upon all the friends of true Freedom the importance of making their holyday and other purchases of the season from our Tables, to the extent of our ability to supply their wants. Great effort has been made to suit the various tastes and wants of customers, and to make the Fair attractive to the public. To increase its attractions, arrangements have been made for the delivery of addresses, by distinguished speakers, on one or more evenings.

The Managers of the Fair respectfully request that those persons who are willing to contribute to it, and have not already done so, will be so kind as to send their donations to the Anti-Slavery Office, No. 31 North-Fifth street, Philadelphia, as soon as possible. Any marketable commodities will be gladly received. Products of the farm, garden, dairy and poultry yard, will be very acceptable; also manufactured articles or materials for manufacture.

Contributions of Groceries, Fruit, Confectionery, Cake, Oysters and Ice Cream, are especially requested.

A large quantity of Cream will be wanted at the Refreshment-Table. Our friends in the country cannot send us a more acceptable donation. It should be sent on each day of the Fair.

A large supply of Evergreen will be needed, and the Managers rely, confidently, on their friends in the country to supply them, as they have done in former years, with this beautiful ornament of the Fair.

Contributions may be sent (with the donors' names attached) to the Anti-Slavery Office, at any time previous to the opening of the Fair. On the 16th instant they may be sent to the Assembly Buildings, corner of Tenth and Chestnut streets, Philadelphia. M. G.

A CONVENTION of the members and friends of the Pennsylvania Anti-Slavery Society will be held in the Assembly Building, Philadelphia, commencing on WEDNESDAY, the 17th instant, and continuing during two days. WM. LLOYD GARRISON, REV. DR. FURNESS, MISS WATKINS, THOMAS WHITSON, MARY GREW, LUCRETIA MOTT, E. M. DAVIS, J. M. MCKIM, and others, are expected to take part in the meeting. Discussions of much interest may be anticipated.

CONGRESS.

THE Senate has done very little except to discuss the President's Message. Messrs. Wade, Trumbull, Fessenden and Collamer have spoken on the Republican side, and Fitzpatrick of Ala., Butler of S. C., Rusk of Texas, Bigler of Pa. and others for the Democracy. Mr. Butler "gave it as his deliberate opinion that although the South were, as a body, as loyal to the Union as any other portion of the Republic, yet the time might come when a continuance of the Confederacy might no longer be desirable." He also blew an indignant blast against the *Edinburgh Review* for what it lately said on the subject of slavery in an article written by Wm. Henry Hurlbut, a native of Charleston, but now a resident of this city. Mr. Hurlbut was of course able to speak of slavery from personal knowledge and observation, and the reply of the Senator showed that he had touched the chivalry on "the raw." Mr. Fessenden, it is said, spoke very ably. "In clear, distinct and emphatic language he replied to the lofty annunciations of Mr. Rusk of Texas, as to what the South would or would not bear, that the Republican party, in the future as in the past, entirely irrespective of threats and bluster at the South, intended to resist firmly and inflexibly the extension of slavery into free Territories to the end—even the bitter end, if bitter end there should be."

Mr. Bigler's effort is said to have mortified his party by its want of force and ability. It was important, however, from its being supposed to foreshadow the policy of Mr. Buchanan. We quote the correspondence of *The Tribune:*

"Mr. Bigler said it had been asserted that during the recent Presidential campaign in Pennsylvania banners and bills bore the motto, 'Buchanan and Breckinridge and Free Kansas.' He did not deem this a grave charge, even if it was true. He could not remember having seen any of these mottoes. He knew of but one meeting called by those claiming to rally under that motto, and the people there were in favour of Free Kansas; but he knew that the extent to which any speaker went at that meeting was that the people of the Territories should have the right to regulate their own affairs.

"Mr. Wade of Ohio desired the Senator from Pennsylvania, who was understood to know the views of Mr. Buchanan, to inform the Senate if the motto referred to was inscribed upon banners and bills in accordance with the will of Mr. Buchanan, and whether the President elect is in favour of making Kansas a free State.

"Mr. Bigler (very much embarrassed) replied that he supposed Mr. Buchanan's views were just those of the Democratic party. This was received with merriment among the Republicans, and the Democrats were confused and annoyed. But he supposed if Mr. Buchanan had his own way, he would be in favour of making Kansas a free State. As it is, he is in favour of letting the people of that Territory, through their local [Missouri Border-Ruffian] Legislature, have the power to make their own laws. He said the Democratic party was the true party of freedom—that freedom fought for against George III. It is not in favour of negro slavery. Blushes and consternation covered the faces of Southern Senators at this announcement. Some looked daggers, while others left the Senate. Mr. Wade continued his interrogations until the spokesman of Mr. Buchanan was prompted how to respond by his Southern neighbours."

The *Times* correspondent says:

"Senator Bigler's speech of yesterday is kicking up quite a bobbery among the Southern supporters of Mr. Buchanan—not because of any especial value in the speech itself, but because it is supposed to foreshadow the policy of the President elect on the slavery question.

"The speech was essentially Free-Soilish. The Senator declared that if he was himself a citizen of Kansas, he would vote against the introduction of slavery there, and gave us to understand that Mr. Buchanan would pursue the same course; and that, under the influences which will be paramount in the early future, Kansas is certain to become a free State.

"Southern Senators looked aghast when such expressions as these fell from the lips of the speaker; and the more they think of it, the more they don't like it, and the more they suspect that in electing Mr. Buchanan they have caught a Tartar. So let it be. Mr. Bigler was dumb last week when the present debate commenced; but the Electoral Colleges have made up their record now, and the Senator's tongue can wag fearlessly and free."

Another correspondent of *The Tribune* ("J. S. P.") says:

"The discussion of the Senate has been marked by two significant characteristics. In the first place, the altered tone and demeanour of the slavery party therein toward that of the Black Republicans, is striking. The latter is no longer reviled as an unhealthy political organization, but is treated with marked and becoming deference of language and manner. In a word, rebellion has become revolution, and in passing from the weak to the strong stage, has become respectable. Yet there is another point of view in which the change is not to be wondered at. These slavery men are very pleasant fellows when they are allowed to have their own way. But having triumphed only by the skin of their teeth in the election, and seeing the bones of their doughface allies ground to powder in most of the free States, they do not care now to gall the North unnecessarily, only to keep it under. They are content to tread on it with shoes of felt, only let them feel that they have it under foot. They say, in substance, 'We have beat you, now lie still and we will beat you no more.'

"But it is to the second aspect of the discussion to which I refer that is most significant. It has been found by computation, that the terms slave, slavery, slaveholder and dissolution of the Union, occur one hundred and fifty-eight times in a single day's debate. On other days, the recurrence of these terms was not less frequent, as it will not be in the discussion yet to come on the same topic.

"Both sides protested their devotion to the Union with singular profusion of terms; yet speakers on each side declared that whenever the views of the other were carried out in the administration of the Government, the existing Union must come to an end. Senator Butler intimated that it might be advantageously replaced by a loose confederation of independent States, and further declared that if a separation took place, he was altogether in favour of its being a peaceful and amicable one. He also took occasion to declare, very sensibly, that there is a logic of events quite beyond the control of individuals.

"In a word, *the English of the discussion was that the present aspect of the slavery question prognosticates the separation of the free and slave States at no distant period.* Yet both sides, like commanders of contending squadrons on the ocean, hated to come to the point, but stood off and on, skilfully manœuvreing to avoid being taken at disadvantage. To the calm observer of political events this feature of the discussion is pregnant with meaning, and while in the crowd and hurry of events it is likely to be passed over with little reflection, it nevertheless possesses an intrinsic significance well worthy of consideration."

Whitfield was, on Tuesday, by a vote of 112 to 108 (the Fillmore Know-Nothings uniting with the Democrats, and even John Hickman of Pa. voting yea!) admitted to a seat in the House as delegate from Kansas. Thus have the slaveholders won another victory. Huzza for the Union!

On Monday, upon a motion to refer the President's Message to the Committee of the Whole, Mr. Campbell, of Ohio, made a scathing speech, causing a great excitement among the Southern members. Mr. McMullen, of Va., interrogated him and provoked a retort which was not a little annoying.

Mr. McMullen—Did not you and your party represent that slaveholders owning five negroes were entitled to and cast three votes? (Laughter.)

Mr. Campbell—I said, under the distribution of political power, five slaves in the South were equal to three votes in the free States. Does the gentleman deny the proposition?

Mr. McMullen inquired whethere free negroes did not vote in Mr. Campbell's District, or something to that effect.

Mr. Campbell—I believe one negro vote was given in my District. That was cast by a man who was not authorized to do so under a decision of the Court, and he voted for my opponent (laughter).

Mr. Campbell sent to the Clerk's desk a paper, which was read, signed by the person just referred to, named Anderson, claiming the right of suffrage, because among other things, he was three-quarters white, the remainder being made up of African and Indian blood; and further, that his father was a brother of ex-Gov. Wilson Shannon (excessive laughter).

Mr. Giddings called his colleague to order for casting an imputation on a coloured constituent, by representing a brother of Wilson Shannon to be his father (renewed laughter).

Mr. Campbell—My colleague will please excuse me. I was driven to the necessity of referring to this fact by the number of questions propounded. Let the gentlemen on the other side decide whether the Shannons are white men or not (laughter).

Mr. McMullen—The gentleman had arraigned Mr. Van Buren for having introduced negro testimony. I want to know how the gentleman can exculpate himself by such testimony.

Mr. Campbell—I know the character of this man Anderson, and with all respect to gentlemen I would as soon take his word as that of—(after a pause)—any man on this floor.

On Tuesday, Mr. Tappan, of New Hampshire, gave notice of a bill declaring inoperative and void the acts and proceedings of the Territorial Legislature of Kansas. A similar bill, offered by Mr. Grow, of Pennsylvania, passed the last House to engrossment, but was strangled by the pressure of other business at the close of the session. The "Free Kansas" Buchaneers will now have a fair chance to show their hands.

SHADY-SIDE AND SUNNY-SIDE.

OUR friend, A. M. Powell, who, in company with Charles L. and Sarah P. Remond and Susan B. Anthony, is holding a series of Conventions in this State, in a letter which we publish this week, gives us a rather discouraging account of the state of the cause in the places thus far visited. We hope that, as he and his faithful coadjutors proceed in their work, the prospect may brighten before them. A variety of causes may sometimes conspire to make anti-slavery meetings small compared with others previously held, and yet the cause may not, on the whole, have gone backward; nay, it really may have made progress. It is not always safe to judge from external appearances, and we are always liable to make our inferences broader than our facts will warrant. We do not say that our friend Powell has fallen into this error, though we would fain *hope* that such is the case. While he presents the *shady-side* of things, we find our ever hopeful friend Foss writing to the *Bugle* in a more encouraging strain. In a letter dated Lexington, Ind., Nov. 21, he says:

"You know quite well how difficult it was during the Presidential campaign to get the ear of the people at all, for the cause of the slave. Go where you would, at what time you would, 'Sunday excepted,' and you would be quite sure to find time and place occupied by a political meeting.

"You remarked to me, at the annual meeting of the Michigan Anti-Slavery Society, that we should be able to reach the people after the election. So far as my experience goes the result justifies your judgment.

"I have recently held some very successful meetings in the towns of Fremont, Orland and Lexington, Indiana. I held three meetings in Fremont, three in Orland, and three in Lexington.

"At Orland two years ago, when on a second visit to the place in company with C. S. S. Griffing, both the meeting-houses were closed against us, we held a meeting in the Seminary which was largely attended. A faithful and clear exposure of the falsehood and duplicity used to procure the closing of the houses against us, was made by friend Griffing; and a word of rebuke and exhortation administered by myself. The last Fall our friend Stephen Foster was there, and both the churches were opened to him. The fact is, the brave and faithful labours of our friends Fox, and Carlton, and others, have conquered freedom of speech in Orland. The ministers are hostile as ever, but the people have left them nearly alone in their glory. I spoke Friday and Saturday evenings in the Baptist house, and Sunday P. M. in the Congregational house. All these meetings were well attended and the collections amounted to $21 51.

"The present time seems to me very auspicious for the prosecution of anti-slavery labour. The political sop, which drinks up so much anti-slavery sentiment, to no good purpose, is laid up for the present. The people will mark the difference between those labourers who have a six weeks spasm each year and those who are ever at the work, in season and out of season, as earnestly the day after election as the day before. I have a standing challenge for the Indiana Republicans. It is this: That if they will give the American Anti-Slavery Society during the next four years, one half the amount of money which they have expended in this State during the recent campaign, the American Society will faithfully criticise their wicked position, induce all they can to leave their party for a higher position, and then secure them the State for the Republican candidate for the Presidency, in 1860, by 30,000 majority; and in proof of the Society's ability to make this pledge good, I refer them to the results in Massachusetts and the other New England States—to New York and Ohio, where the Society's labours have been most abundant.

"I am receiving many invitations to visit important localities, and the prospect of a successful Winter's labour is quite encouraging.

"Our Convention at Angola on the first Saturday and Sunday, and the succeeding Monday, in December promises to be a grand meeting.

"Yours, for truth without compromise,

"A. T. FOSS."

In the Charlotte (Michigan) *Republican* of a recent date, we find an account of a course of anti-slavery lectures delivered in that place by Mr. and Mrs. Philleo of Adrian. We copy as follows:

"Mr. and Mrs. Philleo, of Adrian, thorough-going and unsparing anti-slavery lecturers, who believe with John Wesley, that slavery is the sum of all villanies, and, so believing, dare utter their belief, have recently delivered three or four lectures in this place. Their denunciations are very severe, and the crime of slavery is unsparingly laid at the door of all of us. The hot shot went tearing through places considered holy, and whistling around conservative heads, just as it should, and just as it would a great deal more frequently, if there was more moral courage on the part of anti-slavery men. The more we contemplate our National responsibility, and the responsibility of religious associations, the more we are driven to the belief that the North, especially the professed though milk-and-watery-anti-slavery portion, and the church-going and Bible-reading portion, are as much if not more answerable for the sin of slavery than the slaveholders themselves. Our only excuse is ignorance of our *union* with the Institution, and that ceases to be an excuse when we wilfully close our eyes to the truth. We of the North are in fact the slaveholders—the slavecatchers—the protectors of the master against the slave, the aiders and abettors of slavery extension. The entire weight of the North is on the slave's neck, rendering his bondage almost hopeless. A large majority of Northern Christians are beginning to take this view of their responsibility, and to do what they can towards clearing their skirts of the guilt; there are yet many who are extremely sensitive when told of the guilt of their denomination. They fail to distinguish between religion and the fallibility of the individuals who compose a religious association—between the creed and the professors. And so in regard to our form of government, even though the American Government has become what the Abolitionists call it, the most intolerable despotism in the world—a mere machine for the buying, selling and working of slaves—yet the design

of our Government is good enough if it could be carried out. Republican equality is not slavery, nor can it have anything to do with slavery except in its extermination.

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"In regard to the freedom of discussion, our place is rapidly improving. Three years ago, when Mr. and Mrs. Foster were here, full-grown men attended the lectures for the express purpose of breaking them up and preventing others from listening. Considerable of a mob spirit was then manifested even on the part of those who are considered somewhat respectable, though their courage failed them in executing their threats and wishes. On this occasion there was quite a respectable turn-out. A large portion of the audience evidently wished for the privilege of hearing what the speakers had to say, and, but for the disturbance of small boys and one or two half-witted Buchanan men, everything would have gone off pleasantly.

"These anti-slavery lectures are doing a vast amount of good. They are teaching the public mind to regard slavery in its true light. We hope the time is not distant when they will be as common and as respectfully listened to as Sabbath preaching."

The *Bugle* of last week gives the following encouraging report of Mr. Phillips's recent visit to Salem, Ohio:

"The people of Salem had a rich treat, last Saturday and Sunday, in the lectures of Wendell Phillips. On Saturday evening he delivered, to a full house, his justly celebrated lecture on the Lost Arts. Therein he administered a needed lesson to the overweening self-sufficiency of our people, who imagine that wisdom was born with them. He made it apparent that nations of antiquity, which we often speak of as barbarians, had, in some of the arts, a knowledge and skill very far in advance of that known to the highest civilization of the present day. The great point of superiority of the present civilization over that of the past is in the art of printing, which diffuses the knowledge of the present age among the people, and thus secures its preservation as well as its increased contribution to the stock of general happiness. In the olden time, knowledge was shut up in the palaces of kings and the cloisters of Monks, and thus served to give power and perpetuity to despotism.

"On Sunday, Mr. Phillips delivered two lectures on the subject of slavery. We cannot attempt to give our readers even a sketch of these masterly addresses. They evinced great clearness of moral vision and unswerving fidelity to principle, and were eminently calculated to induce his hearers to take the highest moral ground in favour of freedom, as the only successful method for the overthrow of slavery. He presented most impressively the strength and resources of the Slave Power, and inquired for the successful means of encounter with it, and urged, with much force of logic and beauty and pertinency of illustration, the impossibility of securing freedom to the slaves while bound in our present union with slaveholders. The States alone and not the General Government are competent to any efficient action in opposition to slavery. They should follow in the course indicated by the judiciary of Wisconsin and assert their sovereignty in protecting the personal liberty of their citizens.

"The audiences filled the Town Hall and hung upon Mr. Phillips's words with an interest absorbing everything else. Besides the people of Salem, there were persons present from many of the surrounding towns, some having travelled twenty-five miles to enjoy the pleasure of listening to this faithful and eloquent friend of the slave. The influence of the meeting was eminently good, and will be seen hereafter."

LETTER FROM A. M. POWELL.

PERU, Clinton Co., N. Y., Nov. 29, 1856.

To the Editors of The National Anti-Slavery Standard:

ON Friday evening, Nov. 21st, in company with Charles L. and Sarah P. Remond, I attended a meeting in Easton, Washington Co., the commencement of our lecturing campaign in this State.

In consequence of unfavourable circumstances, it was deemed advisable to omit the first three Conventions advertised in THE STANDARD.

In Washington County we held meetings in South Easton, North Easton and Union Village, ten meetings in all. Our meetings were not very fully attended at either place. The occasion for large and enthusiastic meetings seems, if we may judge by the attendance upon ours, to have passed away with the close of the recent political contest. I have heretofore attended meetings and lectured in those towns, but in no instance have the audiences been as limited in numbers; never have they manifested so much indifference, such coldness of spirit. Much of this is owing, perhaps, to the continued excitement of the past six months. The fever of politics has suddenly subsided, the people seem *weak in spirit, exhausted* and *irritable.* Of those heretofore recognised as Abolitionists, committed to the cause of emancipation, a large portion accepted the advice of our friend Samuel J. May and others, to "go to the polls, and vote for Fremont."

At North Easton we held meetings in the Friends' Meeting-House, and in the Wilbur District. Of our friends there, who have a continued and increasing interest in uncompromising freedom, and to whom we are indebted for cordially proffered hospitality, are John and Lydia Wilbur, Abel and Hannah Thomas, Job and Esther Wilbur.

At Union Village meetings were held in the Congregational Church. Its pastor, Rev. Mr. Shattuck, is one of the few liberal and out-spoken clergymen rarely to be met with. Though he was induced to vote for Fremont, I am informed that he has, since the election, on Thanksgiving day, preached a radical sermon in favour of disunion. Our friend Leonard Gibbs, also Dr. Corliss, I understand, refused to engage in the late political contest. Aside from the exceptions named, the anti-slavery of Union Village seems to be mainly of a political or compromising character. Our meetings there, as Mr. Remond remarked, were tolerated, but apparently were not particularly desired. The opposition which we had to encounter was of that very worst description, a "*terrible letting alone.*" While Union Village has given $400 to Kansas, its contribution in aid of the American Anti-Slavery Society was, I believe, all told, $3 50.

At South Easton we held meetings in the Friends' Meeting-House. Mr. Remond also spoke one evening in a school-house in the village. We have at South Easton some of the best friends of our movement with whom I have any acquaintance, but, aside from them, our audiences here also were small. On the occasion of my last lecture in the place, nearly two years since, the meeting-house was well filled with an apparently interested audience; but now, with the eloquence and well-earned reputation of Charles L. Remond, and the presence of Sarah P. Remond, who speaks, though briefly, in a very impressive manner, and always to the point, the audience was only such in numbers as might be gathered in almost any school district. How much the outcry of the Republican party against *Disunion* has had to do with bringing about the condition of things which we find, I cannot say, but I am well assured that in it we may find a prominent cause. The Republican party is to our movement what the Whig party once was, only "*a little more so.*" There was an unexpected development on the part of two or three Quakers at South Easton, acting under the leadership of Mr. Jacob Pratt, who appeared as the representative, it was said, of *two others beside himself*, to utterly exclude us from the meeting-house. The main reason assigned for the illiberal proceeding was a fear that we would "*disturb the peace of the Society,*" though it was well known that a considerable portion of the Friends were assembled in meeting with us, and that the remainder, aside from the *representative*, as he avowed himself, and his two constituents, were decidedly in favour of keeping open doors for anti-slavery meetings. Strange to say, Mr. Pratt has been wont to consider himself a pioneer in anti-slavery, was an early co-labourer with Abby Kelley Foster, and has borne the odium of an Abolitionist in his vicinity, but latterly, I believe, he has yielded somewhat more to the seductive influence of the *Cotton-ocracy* among the Friends of your city, which, I suppose, will account for his strange, painful, and I may add inexcusable, conduct in regard to our meetings. After some discussion among the Friends as to opening the doors for our evening meeting, which had been advertised, a vote was taken, and a voice of all, save our opponent, in favour of liberality; yet, in the face of that plain rebuke, our Quaker representative of the Slave Power, border-ruffian like, as soon as the audience left the room at the close of the afternoon meeting, locked the entrance to the house and secured the key, so that for our evening session some of the proprietors of the house, to enjoy a meeting therein, were obliged, I understand, to loosen the lock to gain admission. Whether Mr. Pratt will thus secure and preserve the "peace of our Society," which he seemed so much to desire, I very much doubt.

I hope our friend Mrs. Foster may soon be well enough to again visit Easton and remodel some of her work, which, to say the least, seems to be quite in need of repairs!

To our esteemed friends, Joseph and Elizabeth Peckham and their children, also David Baker and family, we are grateful for hearty coöperation and for their liberal hospitality.

The contributions of our friends at South Easton amounted to $11 55.

We are now in the midst of a three days Convention in this town, of which I will speak in my next.

Yours, for "No Union with Slaveholders,"

AARON M. POWELL.

LITTELL'S LIVING AGE, No. 655, brings us the usual variety from the best English periodicals.

DOUGHFACES AT A DISCOUNT.—In another column we have copied, from the *Christian Inquirer*, a striking paragraph referring to the great change in the public opinion of New England which has separated the people from their old and long-trusted but unfaithful leaders. Of the fact thus referred to there can be no doubt, and we point to it with exultation as a proof of the progress of sound moral principles. The Boston *Courier*, the most inveterate of all the organs of New England Hunkerism, bitterly says, "Once the orations of Webster and of Everett were rehearsed by school boys, but now these great men are held in such disrespect that one can hardly speak in their praise without getting to himself ridicule." This is an exaggeration, but there is enough of truth in it to illustrate the mighty influence of the movement which Webster used to sneer at as the "miserable rub-a-dub of Abolition." Thank God! the counsels of unscrupulous leaders are no longer obeyed, while those leaders themselves are "carried headlong" into dishonoured obscurity. This is much, but it is a prophecy of more good still to come. The *Courier* thinks the clergy, by supporting Fremont and "preaching politics," have made themselves responsible for this terrible state of affairs, and it reads them a long and affectingly solemn lecture, in the course of which it says:

"Time will show whether the clergy have gained anything for freedom or religion, by following the lead and putting themselves in the power of Mr. Phillips, Mr. Garrison, Mr. Parker, and politicians bearing a like hostility to the Bible and those who teach it. We affirm that the clergy have lent their influence to strengthen the unscriptural doctrine that young men are more suitable to guide the affairs of the nation than old men. Whoever has heard Rev. H. W. Beecher's lecture on conservatism and progression understands that this is his declared sentiment; that whatever power of language he possesses he uses to cast odium upon the conservatism of old men, and to show their unfitness to direct public sentiment. It is well known that politicians of similar notions have had things their own way in putting forward candidates for office; and it is to be feared that many of the clergy think that this is all as it should be. Certain it is that, without manifesting any desire to bring forward old men, distinguished for experience, sobriety and wisdom, they have done what they could to secure the election of the men who were presented by the leaders of this new doctrine."

The *Courier* is evidently in a desponding mood. Let it be consoled with the reflection that the new men whom New England has chosen for her leaders will become old enough *in time.* Incredible as it may seem to that paper, even Webster and Everett were once young; and they were not *very* old when they first began to hold office.

"THE EUROPEAN."—We have already noticed this new weekly, addressed especially to Europeans here, and those likely to come to this country. It is a most useful paper and by no means deteriorates as it grows older. The really republican papers speak most highly of it, while the anti-republicans mostly are dumb, though some howl vociferously. We extract the following from *The Independent* of the 6th:

The European.—This is the title of a new weekly journal, published at 153 Fulton street, New York, price $3 per annum. It is designed primarily for the benefit of our foreign population—to indoctrinate them in the principles of our Government, and to keep them advised of political movements in Europe. It is very ably edited, and will possess unusual facilities for insight into European affairs. Such a journal will educate the foreign population of this country to a wise exercise of the political franchise. As an auxiliary in the cause of constitutional liberty against the encroachments of slavery, it deserves the warm support of all true Republicans. It will accomplish what no other journal yet has done or can do. Speaking of exiles, immigrants, refugees, with a personal knowledge of their antecedents and their wants, it will gain their sympathies and their confidence.

We fully concur in the opinion of *The Independent*, and believe that if *The European* had, prior to the late election, been circulated among the voters of foreign birth in New Jersey, Pennsylvania and Illinois, the result of the Presidential vote would have been different from what it was. Though addressed more especially to Europeans, our native population might learn much from its columns, and the Republican organizations throughout the country should circulate it in every reading-room or club.

DISUNION CONVENTION IN MASSACHUSETTS.—*The Liberator* of last week makes the following important announcement:

"It gives us high satisfaction to learn that a call for a STATE DISUNION CONVENTION, signed by freedom-loving citizens of Worcester, is to be speedily put forth, inviting a mass meeting, at 'the heart of the Commonwealth,' by delegation or otherwise, of such of the people of Massachusetts as are convinced that the attempt to unite Liberty and Slavery, free institutions and slave institutions, in one compact, is a 'wild and guilty fantasy'; that the time has come for the North to dissolve the bands which connect her with the South, and which involve her in all the guilt of the slave system; that, proclaiming her determination not only to perpetuate her cruel oppression where it now exists, but to extend it without limitation—and excluding from her soil all who demand liberty for the enslaved, and committing the most flagrant outrages upon the persons and rights of Northern citizens in a manner admitting of no redress—the South has taken the initiative step in the work of disunion, and rendered it necessary, on the part of the North, by every consideration of self-respect, justice, humanity and personal freedom."

"AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF A FEMALE SLAVE."—This work, the production of a young lady born and educated in the South, and presenting a picture of slavery as true as it is startling, we commended to our readers last week with heartfelt earnestness. This week we copy therefrom the first four chapters, in the full confidence that all who read them will be anxious to follow the story, thus opened, to the end. There is something peculiarly inspiring in the thought, that a work so uncompromising in principle has been written by a Southern woman, moved thereto not so much by her knowledge of the operations of Northern Abolitionists as by her own heartfelt conviction of the terrible evils of slavery and her deep sympathy for its outraged and suffering victims. The price of the book is $1, and it may be had at this office.

MR. SUMNER.—A telegraphic despatch to *The Tribune*, dated Washington, Dec. 8th, says:

"A letter received from Mr. Sumner to-night by Senator Wilson says: 'My present hope is to reach Washington before New Year's day, but my physicians and other friends insist that I must make up my mind to quietly contenting myself with the simplest performance of my duties. This will be hard, for I long to do something more.'

"He writes also that he continues to exercise in the open air mornings, but is obliged to be on his back some six hours each day after dinner."

HENRY WARD BEECHER gave notice to his congregation on last Sunday that on to-morrow (Sunday) morning he would preach a discourse on "The Genius and Destiny of the African Race," after which a contribution would be taken up for the benefit of Miss Miner's School for Coloured Girls, in Washington, D. C.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

JULIAN; or, Scenes in Judea. By WM. WARE, author of "Zenobia," "Aurelian;" etc. Two volumes in one. New York: C. S. Francis & Co.

This is a second edition of a work too well known and too highly esteemed to need eulogium from any quarter.

THE PLAY-DAY BOOK: New Stories for Little Folks. By FANNY FERN. Illustrated by Fred. M. Coffin. New York: Mason Brothers.

Here are forty-five stories in a style well adapted to the capacities of little children. The illustrations, eight in number, are much better than those usually found in children's books.

AUDUBON, THE NATURALIST OF THE NEW WORLD: His Adventures and Discoveries. By MRS. HORACE ST. JOHN. New York: C. S. Francis & Co.

The materials of this narrative—first published in England—were derived from Audubon's works, from the recollections of his friends, and from fragments published in the United States. It has been found necessary to correct the English edition in many particulars of fact. Some additions have also been made by the American publishers.

AUTUMNAL LEAVES: Tales and Sketches in Prose and Rhyme. By L. MARIA CHILD. New York: C. S. Francis & Co., 554 Broadway.

A new book from Mrs. Child will be cordially welcomed by multitudes who have regretted her long silence. This volume embraces several tales which appeared in various periodicals ten or twelve years ago, and others now published for the first time. It is enough to say that the new are as good as the old, and that we know not where to find more charming illustrations of social life and duty, or better incitements to noble living, than these pages afford.

THE HUMOURS OF FALCONBRIDGE: A Collection of Humorous and Every-Day Scenes. By JONATHAN F. KELLEY. Philadelphia: T. B. Peterson.

The author of this volume was well known among "the gentlemen of the press" in Boston, New York, Philadelphia, Cincinnati and other places, by whom, though greatly wanting in perseverance, he was esteemed as a man of considerable genius. The fugitive sketches which he published in various journals were extensively copied and admired, and now that he is dead, his friends have thought the best of them worthy of presentation in a book, which has accordingly been issued for the benefit of his widow and fatherless children.

DICKENS'S LITTLE FOLKS.—Under this title J. S. Redfield has issued a second series of beautiful juveniles, selected from Dickens's works, in his own language, with illustrations by Darley. There are six volumes, 18 mo., with the following titles:

I. The Boy Joe and Sam Weller, from Pickwick.
II. Sissy Jupe, from Hard Times.
III. The Two Daughters, from Martin Chuzzlewit.
IV. Tiny Tim and Dot, and the Fairy Cricket, from the Christmas Stories.
V. Dame Durben, from Bleak House.
VI. Dolly Varden, the Little Coquette, from Barnaby Rudge.

Price, plain cloth, 37 1-2 cts.; extra gilt, 50 cts. each.

Summary.

A great effort will be made this session to obtain a cheap Postage law. The commercial cities are making a vigorous movement by way of petitioning.

BROADBRIM ON PHRENOLOGY.—A Quaker being asked his opinion of phrenology, replied indignantly, "Friend, there can be no good in a science that compels a man to take off his hat!"—*Punch.*

A CARRIAGE FOR THE PRESIDENT ELECT.—A subscription has been started in Charleston, South Carolina, and headed by liberal contributions, to procure a carriage for presentation to Mr. Buchanan. A very splendid vehicle, now owned in that city by a Mr. Nathans, will probably be obtained.

MISS PELLET.—We notice by the Albany papers that this young lady has volunteered to visit Kansas and distribute the clothing and supplies donated by the citizens of Albany. "Men's apparel has already been contributed to a considerable amount, and money to defray her expenses."

MR. WM. STRICKLAND, the Alabama bookseller who was ordered to leave Mobile for selling anti-slavery books, has opened his store at No. 200 East Water street. Wonder if he would be ordered to leave Milwaukee for selling slavery books?—*Daily Wisconsin* (*Milwaukee*), *Dec.* 4.

PROPHETIC.—The New Bedford *Express*, in a fit of prophetic ecstacy, exclaims, while pronouncing a eulogy on the Administration of Franklin Pierce, "Posterity will do it justice." Posterity possibly may, but we fear it will not know enough about it to do it entire justice.—*Times.*

THE FUSS OF SOUTH CAROLINA.—Judge Butler said in the Senate:

"When South Carolina makes up her mind, let me inform the Senator you will hear very little fuss from her."

Whereupon Mr. Wade replied:

"Then she has not made up her mind lately."

HIGH SALES.—On Monday last, court day, many slaves were sold at public auction, and brought extremely high prices. We saw a boy about eighteen years of age sell for $1,245, and another boy, not over ten, sell for $799. A little negro girl also sold for upward of $600. All these sales we consider enormously high.—*Warrenton* (*Va.*) *Whig.*

While Bully Brooks is feasted and loaded with presents and caresses on the strength of his single gutta-percha exploit, Mr. Simms, after spending a laborious life in efforts to write South Carolina into notice and admiration, is turned over, in his declining age, to the cold charity and empty seats of Northern lecture-rooms.—*Tribune.*

A QUAKER'S LETTER.—*Friend Sam:* I desire thee to be so kind as to go to one of those sinful men in the flesh, called attorneys, and let him take out an instrument with a seal thereunto, by means whereof we may seize the outward tabernacle of George Green, and bring him before the lambskin men of New York and teach him to do as he would be done by. Thy friend, R. G.

A recent letter from London states that the physicians of Dr. Kane, whose health was very delicate when he left this country, have ordered him to the West Indies for the Winter, on account of serious pulmonary symptoms which have alarmed them with doubts of his final recovery. He is suffering in consequence of the exposures and privations incident to his last Polar Expedition.

A Missouri correspondent of the *Evening Post* says that even Dr. J. V. C. Smith, of Boston, who rendered such valuable service as Mayor to the Slave Power by effecting the reclamation of Burns, when he was in Leavenworth, found it necessary not to enter his name with all the usual wealth of initials, but as simple "J. Smith, St. Louis." So little do those ruffians appreciate the services of their humble servants.

In eulogizing the life and character of Mr. Clayton, the brightest spot in his history was not alluded to. I refer to the fact that when he arrived at the age of twenty-one, he gave to all his slaves, some twenty-five in number, their freedom, which noble act threw him several thousand dollars in debt, and from which embarrassment he soon recovered by devotion to his studies and by skilful and industrious practice at the bar.—*Wash. Cor. Tribune.*

SHARP RETORT.—Roger Sherman was representative in Congress from Connecticut; his business had been that of making shoes. John Randolph, who had Indian blood in him, rose, and with his usual squeaking sounds, said: "I would like to know what the gentleman did with his leather apron before he set out for Washington?" Mr. Sherman replied, imitating the same squeak, "I cut it up, sir, to make moccasins for the descendants of Pocahontas."

MESSAGE OF THE GOVERNOR OF FLORIDA.—Governor Broome of Florida, in his Annual Message, declares that the election of Buchanan is but a mere respite for the South, as the Free Soil party, with one and a quarter million of votes, will struggle hard for future ascendancy. He says the South "should let fanaticism know that she has made her last submission to unconstitutional exactions." Her watchword should be read of all men, "equality in the Union, or independence out of it."

The Boston *Journal* reports Antioch College, Ohio, of which Horace Mann is President, as being in a flourishing condition, and fast rising above financial difficulties. The experiment of admitting female students is a great success. It has been found that the female students actually diminish the labours of the teachers. They refine rudeness into decency and shame insubordination into obedience. The sexes mutually polish the manners and stimulate the scholarship of each other.

CINCINNATI, Monday, Dec. 8, 1856.—A train on the Cleveland and Pittsburgh Road ran into an express train on the Ohio and Pennsylvania Road coming West, at Alliance, Ohio, this evening, killing ten persons and wounding several others. The following are the killed as far as can be ascertained: Jacob Reedy, of Alliance; John McIntyre, of Alliance; Dr. Smith and lady, of Alliance; J. Atterhurst, of New Garden, Ohio; Wm. Ritchie, of New Garden, Ohio; N. T. Taylor, of Philahelphia; and John Brooks, of New Jersey.

BROOKS IN WAX.—*Punch* appropriately suggests to Madame Tussaud, the celebrated artist and exhibitor of wax figures in London, that she should add the figure of Brooks, the American bully, to her collection. Says *Punch:*

"Why should not Mr. Preston S. Brooks be promoted to the chamber of horrors? The man has fairly won the distinction, and why is it not awarded him? Whilst there are individuals whom we could name duly enshrined in that chamber, and whilst Mr. Preston S. Brooks remains unrepresented there, the omission seems an unworthy indifference to foreign merit"

TWENTY SLAVES SET FREE.—Mr. John Berry, of Bath County, Kentucky, stopped at the Madison House in Covington, on Thursday night last, 27th ult., with twenty slaves whom he sent by one of the Agents of the Colonization Society to Liberia yesterday. He also bought the husbands of three of his women at eight hundred and thirty-four dollars each, through feelings of humanity and justice, to accompany their wives to a land of freedom.

Such acts deserve the highest commendation; and we are glad to know that he was a Kentuckian.—*Ky. Weekly News.*

An agreeable story has long been current—the report of a conversation between one of our deceased diplomatists and the late Czar of Russia on the occasion of a visit of our former Berlin Minister to St. Petersburg. Mr. Wheaton one day at Petersdorf, as frequently with my countrymen, was expounding to Nicholas the virtues of republicanism. The Czar answered, "Yes, Mr. Wheaton, I perfectly agree with you; there are but two real democracies in the civilized world—my unfortunate serfs and your niggers!"

AFFECTING REMONSTRANCE.—A genuine Down-Easter was lately essaying to appropriate a square of exceedingly tough beef at dinner in a Wisconsin hotel. His convulsive efforts with a knife and fork attracted the smile of the rest, in the same predicament as himself. At last Jonathan's patience vanished under his ill-success, when laying down his utensils, he burst out with the following: "Strangers, you needn't laff; if you haint got no regard for the landlord's feelings, you ought to have some respect for the old bull." This sally brought down the house.

FREMONT AND TOOMBS—RUMOURED DUEL.—A New York correspondent of the Albany *Argus* says that Col. Fremont has challenged Toombs, of Georgia, to a duel. Mr. Toombs had made reflections on his birth and questioned his legitimacy. Now, though the addition of the anti-polygamy plank in the platform of black republicanism was calculated to provoke reflections, and was perhaps intended to, yet the dragging in of the name of Col. Fremont's mother for the purpose of questioning his birth, is an act for which there is no apology. That a duel should grow out of it, is perhaps not unexpected, though, of course, to be regretted.

THE PANCHITA CREW ACQUITTED.—Charles Taylor, Antonio Silva, Antonio Pinton, Manuel Squors, Jose Maria Sovers, John Braderon, Manuel Roderigner, John Brown and Joseph Pedrode Silva, being the whole crew of the Panchita, who were indicted for voluntarily serving on board that vessel, employed as a slaver, were tried in the District Court this morning. The counsel on both sides stating that they had no other evidence than that introduced on the trial of Messrs. Mosquita, Wenberg and Weeks, Judge Ingersoll instructed the Jury, that the proof was insufficient, and directed a verdict of acquittal, which was accordingly rendered.—*Tribune, 8th.*

Hon. Sidney Willard died at Cambridge, Mass., on Saturday, aged 76. He was of the class that graduated at Harvard College in 1798, in which William Ellery Channing and Joseph Story were members. He was librarian of the College from 1800 to 1805, and from the close of 1806 to 1831 he filled the office of Hancock Professor of the Hebrew and Oriental Languages in that institution. At one time he was a preacher of the Gospel, and had a leading place among the contributors to the *North American Review.* He was several times chosen Mayor of Cambridge, and was much beloved by the people of that place."

ANOTHER DRED.—The Wilmington (North Carolina) *Journal* says: "On Friday last a runaway negro camp was discovered upon an island in Big Swamp, situated between Balden and Robeson Counties. On Saturday morning a company of twelve or fourteen started out to hunt them, and after starting them from their camp, one of the negroes fired at Mr. David C. Lewis, wounding him, from the effects of which he died on Sunday morning. On Friday a man named Taylor was shot at from the same place, but was missed. The negroes had cleared a place for a garden, had cows, &c., out in the swamp—none arrested. The swamp is about four miles wide, and almost impenetrable.

About this time, there was in the eastern part of Connecticut a clergyman by the name of Cleveland, who was noted for his wit. One Summer day, as he was riding along, he came to a brook. Here he paused to let his horse drink. Just then, a stranger rode into the stream from the opposite direction, and his horse began to drink also. The animals approached, as is their wont under such circumstances, and thus brought the two men face to face.

"How are you, priest?" said the stranger.
"How are you, Democrat?" said the parson.
"How do you know I am a Democrat?" said one.
"How do you know I am a priest?" said the other.
"I know you to be a priest by your dress," said the stranger.
"I know you to be a Democrat by your address," said the parson.—*Peter Parley's Recollections.*

NORTHERN VESSEL SEIZED AND DETAINED ON THE COAST OF VIRGINIA.—The schooner Caroline Holmes, Captain George Weaver, came to this city on Monday afternoon, on her way from Georgetown, with a load of flour and corn for New York. Yesterday morning the State Inspector, Mr. James Adams, went off to her to inspect her, but the Captain would not allow him, and soon after the vessel weighed anchor and sailed. Mr. Adams, with Officer Chipley and several citizens, chartered the steam towboat Helen Brown, and followed in pursuit, and overhauling the vessel below the bluff, made fast to her, and brought her back to this place. Captain Weaver was arrested and held to bail in $200 for his appearance at the February Term of the County Court, and $1,000 for the release of the vessel.—*Alexandria* (*Va.*) *Gazette*, 3*d.*

ACTIVITY OF THE SLAVE TRADE.—We learn by conversation with a gentleman lately returned from the Coast of Africa, that while near the mouth of the Congo, he learned from good authority that there were thirty vessels, principally Portuguese, or sailing under that character, along the creeks of that river waiting human cargoes. Sheltered by the thick growth which abounds there, these pirates upon humanity are safe from observation by vessels of war outside; they have confederates upon the lookout near the mouth of the river to warn of the vicinity of national vessels, and when the Coast is clear they select a dark night and a fair wind and escape clear of the land. It is said the English Government have a steamer on the Coast, and that a certain Yankee Captain with a fast brig amuses himself in sailing round her upon a wind; that what is wanted is an American steamer, capable of sailing fourteen miles an hour; with such a vessel our informant agrees to pay for every slave which Portuguese or Yankees can steal from that part of the coast.—*Times, 6th.*

"THE IGNO *raw-mus* PARTY."—A good one is told of Mr. Fillmore in Europe, which will do very well, though the election is over. The best thing about it is its authenticity, for the fact was recently related by a gentleman in this city, who was an eye witness. Mr. Fillmore, just previous to his return home, was at a dinner party. Another honourable guest was a gouty old English lord, who in the course of the conversation inquired of Mr. Fillmore: "Eh, sir, what is this new party in your country, called the IGNO RAW-MUS party?" Mr. Fillmore being the candidate for the Presidency of that party, maintained a dignified silence.

But another American gentleman broke the solemn stillness with the remark: "Your lordship is mistaken; it is not the *ignoramus* but the Know-Nothing party"—and was about to expatiate of the wonderfully high and pure objects of the party, but the old lord was satisfied and interrupted him with: "Yes; well, I thought it was *something of that kind!*" We are credibly informed that several Know-Nothings to whom this story has been related, with all the *condiments*, as Tom Corwin would say, insist that it is not at all funny.—*Cincinnati Commercial.*

SLAVE LABOUR ON RAILROADS.—Free labour in the construction of railways at the far South has been entirely abandoned, it being found that the Irish and Germans are willing enough to work in Winter, but nothing will induce them to remain during the hot weather.

Slave labour has been therefore universally adopted, and large droves of negroes are raised and kept expressly for that purpose. The current rates for the hire of able-bodied railway negroes is $15 per month and their food, when hired by the month. If hired by the year, they bring $175 per annum and food and clothing, the long term being considered more advantageous to the railway contractor.

Since Governor Wise's efforts to improve the value (not condition) of slaves, they have enhanced materially in that particular, the average price of "coarse railway niggers" in droves being from $1,000 to $1,200 per head.

Large numbers of slaves are insured in the Northern life offices, many of them in this city, and the severity with which they are worked depends a good deal upon the amount for which they are insured.—*Evening Post.*

AN IMPORTANT DISCOVERY.—A discovery is said to have been made recently that the last scene witnessed by a dying man, remains fixed upon the retina. If this is so, a new and reliable source of information will be opened in cases of murder. If the last scene remains fixed upon the retina as the picture upon the daguerreotype plate, the murderer himself will often be revealed at a glance. Dr. Charles P. Sanford, of Auburn, N. Y., has been making an examination of the eye of a man recently murdered there, which was in part to test the truth of the alleged discovery. Of the result the *Auburn Advertiser* says:

"There was nothing on the retina examined which would lead to the detection of the victim's murderer, but there was that impressed upon it which evidently establishes the fact that the eye retains the last impression made upon it. What we saw ourselves we do not feel disposed to make an affidavit of, and therefore prefer not to state; but we will say we discovered, as upon a daguerreotype plate, plainly marked impressions at once interesting and startling to behold."

INCENDIARY PUBLICATIONS.—We hope the present Legislature will pass a law to prevent the circulation in this State of incendiary Northern newspapers and other periodicals that flow in our midst, calculated to produce disorder and disaffection among us. Our own presses are not permitted, without giving offence to some persons, to report matters affecting the institution of slavery, necessary to an intelligent view of the subject, in regard to the outside pressure upon it; while the New York *Herald*, *Tribune* and other publications of a like character abounding with abusive and insulting comments and records, false and calumnious, are freely circulated and paid for—the proprietors adding greatly to their wealth by Southern patronage. If the Legislature should think it improper to come in conflict with the Federal authority by forbidding the *delivery* of such works by Postmasters, they can fully meet the case by making it penal for any person to *receive* them—for the receipt of them is presumptive evidence of intention of circulation. Our Representatives, however, who have control of the subject, will best know how to manage the affair.—*Wilmington* (*N. C.*) *Commercial.*

POSTAL REFORM.—Our great difficulty in the reform of our postal system, is the idea entertained that the post office *ought to support itself;* not that each particular service should pay, but the correspondence in those parts of the country where communication is frequent and cheap, shall pay for the correspondence in those parts where it is rare and expensive. Thus, every letter and newspaper that is sent between New York and New England, is taxed twice the cost of transmission, to pay towards the extra cost of transmitting letters and papers in those parts of the country where Republican newspapers are seized in the mails and destroyed, and the editors indicted for treason. We do not particularly object to this; the mails are among the great agencies of civilization, and the "barbarous psalm-singing Yankees," who send missionaries to the distant heathen, ought not to complain if they are sometimes called upon to aid in spreading intelligence amongst those who are in lesser darkness nearer home. But we have a right to complain that a system which more than supports itself, in this part of the country, should, after being taxed for its support elsewhere, not be made to yield us the full benefit of which it is capable.—*Providence Journal.*

A LESSON IN HOSPITALITY AND HUMILITY.—A while ago, a young gentleman visited a venerable man, a high dignitary of the Church, who, for special reasons, lived on small means, at a low rent, in a quite lordly mansion. Assuming that the occupant of such a dwelling must have servants of all sorts, the visitor on retiring, put his boots outside the door to be cleaned, according to custom. Next morning, on looking out of his chamber, he saw his silver-haired host in dressing-gown and slippers, coming quietly along the entry, with said boots nicely brushed and shining like a mirror, in his patriarchal hands. The astonishment and mortification of the guest may be imagined. But let that pass. The thing to be considered is the noble old man, so ready to do what some foolish people would consider a menial act, rather than be wanting in hospitality. Christian gentleman as he was—at once dignified and meek—he felt as George Herbert sings:

"If done beneath thy laws,
E'en servile labour shines;
Hallowed is toil, if this the cause—
The meanest work divine."

Were it proper to give the name of the hero of this incident, our readers would recognise it as that of one who by humbling himself, was indeed exalted, and whose memory is yet green with the many who knew him but to love him.—*Boston Trav.*

FUGITIVE SLAVES RECAPTURED.—Two runaway negroes were captured at Salem on Monday and brought down on the cars last evening. It appears they crossed the river on Sunday and travelled on the railroad track all Sunday night. Having arrived within five miles of Salem on Monday morning, they gave a boy $3 to take them to that place. On reaching Salem they went to a public house and called for their breakfast, at the same time asking for a private room to eat in. This, of course, excited suspicion, and a man named McKinney demanded of one of the negroes his free papers. The negro immediately drew a pistol and pointed it at McKinney's breast, but the cap exploded and no damage was done. The bystanders then seized this negro, when his companion started to run. He was, however, pursued and arrested, and both were brought down, as stated, last evening. They belong to Louisville, but we did not hear the name of the owner. One of them had a certificate stating that the bearer was a free man, signed with the name of Capt. James Montgomery. This, however, was pronounced a forgery by those acquainted with Captain M.'s handwriting. Both had through tickets purchased at the Louisville office. It is quite evident that there is a gang of scoundrels in Louisville who are engaged in running off negroes. We hope they may be captured and punished.—*New Albany* (*Ind.*) *Ledger*, 3*d.*

MR. BENTON AND DR. BEECHER.—The venerable Dr. Lyman Beecher attended the lecture of Mr. Benton on the Union, before the Mercantile Library Association, and was introduced to the distinguished politician, in the ante-room of the Tremont Temple. The ex-Senator, in the course of his lecture, depicted the dissolution of the Union by the figure of a conflagration that consumed everything in its path. Now Dr. Beecher is one of the most hopeful old gentlemen of the age; he has seen the Union at the verge of dissolution at least eight times since he has preached the gospel, and, from his well-known character and opinions, it is safe, we think, to infer that he saw through the weakness of Mr. Benton's logic, did not assent to his views, and will not follow his advice. After the lecture, we are informed, these two persons, who have "come down to us from a former generation," had some conversation, during which Mr. Beecher expressed a desire to read Mr. Benton's lecture in print, that he might better understand its arguments. Mr. Benton replied that he should not publish it at present, as he had so many invitations to repeat it. "Well," said Mr. Beecher, with characteristic keenness, "I hope you will give it to us in print *before we are all burned up!*" This hit of the old Doctor's was highly relished by the bystanders.—*Transcript.*

COLOURPHOBIA.—A letter written to *The Tribune* under date of June 16th contains the following:

"Last week I made a flying visit to Indiana. The Cincinnati and Indianapolis Railroad, the trains of which for twenty miles run over the Ohio and Mississippi Railroad, is a very fine road. One incident on the road did not excite any pleasure. The Hon. Thomas Corwin got into the ladies' car at Cincinnati with a company of friends on his way to Chicago, as I was told. He is still very lame—in fact almost helpless—from the serious accident by which his thigh was broken last Winter. I do not think he could walk the length of a car in motion, and being so much an invalid, he had a coloured man in attendance upon him. This man was with Mr. Corwin and was ejected by the conductor from the car, although Mr. Corwin asked that he might be allowed to remain to wait on him. He was told in reply that if the man would not go into another car, he would be put out at the next station, and that if he—Mr. C.—felt so strong a desire to be with the man he might either go into another car or they might both stop at the next station! I did not see this transaction, although in the same train; but I relate the fact as the conductor—in all other respects very gentlemanly in his ways—related it to me. Another thing I did see. A coloured man, well dressed—and from his manner and dress I took him to be a clergyman—got in at one of the stations, and he was obliged to show his pass, which, of course, the conductor retained. The whole look of the thing was odious."

EGYPTIAN, OR MUMMY CORN.—Perhaps the most wonderful and interesting specimens of the fruits of the earth in the Horticultural Exhibition recently closed, was some *Egyptian corn*, raised in the gardens of Gen. William H. Sumner, of Jamaica Plains, and kindly sent by him for exhibition, thus giving thousands an opportunity to see one of the greatest curiosities within our knowledge. The seed from which this corn was raised was taken from *the folds of cloth wrapped round a mummy three or four thousand years ago*, and, wonderful as it may seem, after being entombed for so many centuries, like a resurrection from the dead, it springs up in new life and vigour. It is undoubtedly the kind of grain for which Joseph's brethren went into the land of Egypt—the same "corn" of which the Bible speaks. It is luxuriant in its growth, and the heads resemble wheat, but are much larger, forming in inverted conical clusters as large as the closed hand; the kernels are large and very sweet to the taste, and the stock and leaves are similar to our Indian corn. There seems to be no reason why it may not become a valuable addition to our cereal productions, and thanks are due to the gentlemen who are multiplying it and bringing it into notice.—*Boston Journal.*

"A BRITISH LIE.—A late number of the London *Times* charges the editor of this paper with having expressed a desire to become a slaveholder. The anonymous bully lies. The only slaves Mr. Meagher would wish to have are the kind his ancestors several hundred years ago possessed—light-haired, blue-eyed Saxon slaves."—*Meagher's Irish News.*

Though Mr. Meagher's aspirations run rather ahead of his friend John Mitchel's, who only longed for a lot of niggers in Alabama, they are yet quite moderate, considering the fact, which he brags of as above, that he is the descendant of an ancestry of slaveholders. This fact, by the way, may account for that zealous preference of monarchy and aristocracy over republicanism which animated his soul during his career in Ireland as a rebel against the "light-haired, blue-eyed Saxons," who afterwards caught him and kept the tables turned upon him until one memorable day in Australia. In view of all these circumstances, it is, perhaps, only natural that Mr. Meagher should now wish to have some men, women and children of the same Saxon breed as chattels.—*Tribune.*

AN AMERICANISM UNDOUBTEDLY.—In Europe, works of Art in the most exposed places, are sacred from defacement and insult. In the United States they have to be watched, even when under the protection of walls and proprietorship. The tombs of the dead and the mementos of illustrious men, are not sacred against the hand of the Yankee, anywhere in this world. From Egypt to St. Petersburg, and from Athens to St. Helena, he clips and pockets souvenirs from granite and marble erections, or from trees and shrubs, which all other people would veneratingly preserve. The Venus de Medici in a public gallery in New York would be quite liable to the tobacco quid of the blackguard, or the indecent use of a crayon pencil if the marble could be reached and defiled in that way.

A new and very offensive exhibition of our want of civilization in this regard, has recently been made at the Passaic Falls. The west walls of the Grotto have borne the initials "G. W., 1778." They were cut by George Washington himself. For more than three quarters of a century have they been an object of interest to all visitors to the Falls. Some brute has chiselled out half of the letter W. making it a rude V.—*Alb. Eve. Jour.*

GOOD ADVICE.—James Buchanan, the President elect, in addressing a company of students of Franklin and Marshall College, who called upon him at his own house, said: "There were many little eccentricities in the life of a college student that might be pardoned or overlooked; but there was one habit which, if formed at college or in early youth, would cling to them through after life and blight the fairest prospects. He referred to the use of intoxicating liquors, and declared it would be better for that youth who contracted an appetite for strong drink that he were dead or had never been born: for when he saw a young man entering upon such a career, a fondness for liquor becoming with him a governing passion, he could see nothing before him but a life of sorrow and a dishonoured grave in his old age. Many lads, he was aware, considered this practice a mark of smartness, but he regarded it as an offence that cannot be pardoned, especially in a student at college." If accounts are true, Mr. Buchanan has often disregarded his own counsel by providing intoxicating drinks for his guests.

ORIGIN OF A NAME.—The father of Return J. Meigs was born at Middletown, in Connecticut. For some time prior to settlement in life, he addressed a fair Quakeress at Middlefield, some few miles from his father's residence, and found much difficulty in obtaining her hand. She repeatedly answered his protestations of fidelity and attachment with "Nay, Jonathan, I respect thee much, but cannot marry thee, for better is a dinner of herbs and contentment, than a stalled ox and contention therewith." Mr. Meigs finally told Ruth that he was paying his last visit as a lover, and should strive to form an alliance with another family, and would therefore bid her farewell. As he mounted his horse to ride off, the Quakeress, relenting, beckoned him to stop, exclaiming, "Return, Jonathan! Return, Jonathan!!" Mr. Meigs went back, and fixed on a day for the celebration of the nuptials. The first fruit of the union was a son, which the father, in commemoration of the happiest words he ever heard spoken, had baptized Return Jonathan, who rose to distinction, and subsequently to the office of Postmaster General of the United States.—*Akron Democracy.*

AN OFFICIAL LETTER.—The following note was sent by a Mississippi Postmaster to a citizen of that State. Mr. Andrew Patterson had called for his paper—the *Cincinnati Gazette*—and was refused it by the deputy Postmaster. Mr. Patterson ventured to remonstrate, when the Postmaster sent the note subjoined:

"YAZOO CITY, *Oct.* 31, 1856.

"ANDREW PATTERSON: I understand you was at the Post Office, making a fuss about your Cincinnati Abolition Gazette. I have authorized Mr. Hollingsworth not to deliver the same or any other Abolition Document out of the Post-Office.

"I am responsible, and if you want a fuss, I am the one to make it with. M. D. HAYNES, P. M."

This is one specimen, out of so many, of the style in which they override all rights, and all laws, and all courtesy, in the South, when they would display their spite at what they call "Abolition." The Cincinnati *Gazette* is an able, Conservative Republican paper. These Mississippi people make almost as huge a pother as South Carolina, over what they call their "legal and constitutional rights." But no rights are respected by them—any more than creditors' claims—when slaveholders demand the sacrifice to their prejudices or their fears.—*Phil. Times, Dec.* 2.

The other American fact which is incomprehensible to European common sense is the existence of slavery among us. That a nation of slaves exist under our boasted flag—a nation much larger than was our whole population when we deemed it right to draw the sword against the parent country, for a mere question of taxation—is indeed a mystery. The reproach meets us at every point here; it was largely known from the beginning among the common people of Europe, but Uncle Tom has made it known in all the minuteness of the enormity, in almost every village of civilized and semi-civilized Europe. That marvellous book has been read more than any other ever issued from the continental press, not excepting, I think, the Bible itself, for the latter is not a very popular book here. Uncle Tom's translations and editions are almost innumerable. In France it may be found everywhere. The Italians have read it generally. It is a familiar book in the cities and villages of Greece, and Uncle Tom is a name dear even to the Russian serf. Europe can never again wink at American slavery, for she has read Uncle Tom, and all the sophistry of the world cannot induce the sturdy common sense of the masses here to believe that such a flagrancy as American slavery, can be reconciled with Christianity or with our republican pretensions.—*Abel Stevens in Zion's Herald.*

MR. JOHN C. UNDERWOOD of Clarke County, Va., who was exiled from his native State last July for the crime of attending the People's Convention at Philadelphia and uniting in the nomination and support of Fremont and Dayton, went home after election and has been greeted with the following Christmas carol:

"MARKHAM STATION, Nov. 25, 1856.

"MR. J. C. UNDERWOOD—*Sir:* You are aware that there was a meeting held at Piedmont, last July, for the purpose of expressing indignation at the course you had pursued in regard to their rights while you claimed to be a citizen of this State. At the meeting above referred to, I was appointed Chairman of a Committee of Twelve to wait upon you when you arrived, and inform you of their feelings in regard to your course. In pursuance of my duty I hereby inform you, that if you have come among us as a visitor or to settle up your business, preparatory to leaving the State finally, the Committee feel it their duty to give you their protection and every facility in their power while doing so.

"But should you persist in renewing your citizenship among us, we shall withdraw our protection and leave you to suffer whatever may follow at the hands of the community.

"Yours, &c., TURNER ASHBY."

Our advices are not very precise, but we believe that Mr. Underwood has not yet solicited the "protection" of Mr. Turner Ashby and his Committee of Twelve.—*Tribune.*

A TEMPERANCE VIEW OF THE QUESTION OF PROHIBITION.—The great practical question is this: Suppose an effective prohibitory law enacted, and fully upheld by the Courts, is there the requisite virtue and devotedness in the people of our State to sustain and enforce that act? If there is, let us renew the fight; for we can in time obviate the Judges' cavils, or fill their places with better men. And we have no doubt at all that if the question of Prohibition or License were to be submitted to a direct vote of the people, Prohibition would receive a large majority—provided, of course, it were morally certain that voting Prohibition would insure Prohibition—not a semblance of it, but the actuality. But if a Prohibitory act is to remain a dead letter on the statute-book—if Democratic Temperance men are to stand by and chuckle to see such demagogues as Seymour and Parker make party and personal capital among rumsellers and tipplers by claiming Free Rum as an eminently Democratic dogma—if such Temperance Apostles as Delavan and Wilder are to vote against Judges known to favour Prohibition, electing such as will condemn and subvert it—then we must be counted out in any future computation of those who urge the re-enactment of Prohibition. The Republican Prohibitionists are not able alone to sustain it; if they are to be deserted in the future as they have been in the past, then it is every way advisable that no further attempt to enact Prohibition should be made. If the effect of an earnest effort for Prohibition is to be the distraction and prostration of the Republican Party, without securing the end aimed at, then we prefer to wait awhile before making such effort.—*Tribune, Dec.* 2.

MR. SIMMS.—Hardly anything can be more ridiculous than the attempt to make a martyr of Mr. Simms, because the people of New York treated him just as the people of South Carolina have always treated him, with indifference. Mr. Simms commenced his lecture with an attack upon Mr. Sumner, who was and is still suffering from the effects of what everybody in the North considers a most brutal and cowardly assault. Nothing could have been in worse taste. Suppose a man holding opinions on the other side, as extreme as those which Mr. Simms supports, had gone to Charleston to lecture, and had assailed a Southern Senator, or even defended Mr. Sumner! Does anybody doubt what his fate would have been? But this was not all; Mr. Simms is not an interesting lecturer. He might abuse the North to his satisfaction, if he would only do it with spirit and eloquence. There are enough people in New York engaged in the African slave trade to fill a hall; but they will not, in that fast city, waste their evenings in listening to anything that puts them to sleep.

In throwing up his Eastern engagements, where he was to lecture in the regular courses, and where the Yankees with a determination to get their money's worth, would have probably listened to him, had he been twice as dull, he showed either a very morbid temper, or a desire to be made a martyr of; perhaps both. He has not been appreciated at home, and this may have soured his temper; and he has abundant precedent to think, that any absurd thing that he may do, which will afford him the pretence of suffering for the sake of South Carolina, will give him a popularity and consequence at home, that have been refused to his literary reputation.—*Prov. Jour.*

OBITUARY.

"It is less painful when the noble take wings, than when the mean only crawl out of life."

ON Sunday morning, the 1st inst., from his residence in West Grove, Chester Co., Penn., the beloved AMOS PRESTON passed into a higher and more exalted state of existence. His disease was inflammation of the kidneys. Seventy winters had whitened his locks. He was emphatically ripe and ready for the reaper.

He was a man of remarkable purity of life. Gentle as a little child, he yet possessed powers of discrimination and soundness of judgment rarely exhibited. He was proverbially an honest man, and a peace-maker in the community. He carried the candle of investigation in his hand, and entertained new revelations of truth with cordial hospitality. By so doing he often entertained angels unawares. He was deeply interested in the Temperance reformation. In him the bruised and bleeding slave had an unfaltering friend and advocate.

He sympathized with the movement to enlarge the sphere of woman. *He was a real presence to his own family.* In the social circle his conversation was chaste and instructive, often interspersed with pleasant anecdotes.

In his experience as a preacher of righteousness he encountered those in authority, who were too narrow to comprehend his expansive views. Neither his excellent life nor venerable years, nor feeble health, availed to exempt him from the visitation of ecclesiastical intolerance, of which it has been justly said, "it is unrelenting as death and cruel as the grave." He gave his signature to the call for the Religious Conference which resulted in the organization of the Pennsylvania Yearly Meeting of Progressive Friends. He proved himself a pillar of strength in the Association.

He *remained* a minister of the true Church of Christ until the close of his excellent and exemplary life. A very large concourse attended the remains to their final resting place at West Grove on the afternoon of the 4th inst., after which a solemn meeting was held.

Peace to the memory of this blessed father in Israel. "Mark the perfect man, and behold the upright, for the end of that man is peace." J. A. D.

Acknowledgments, from Oct. 1 to December 1.

FOR STANDARD.

884	Gerrit Smith, Peterboro',	N. Y.	$4 00
910	Nicholas Hallock, Milton,	"	3 00
884	A. Woodworth, Sandy Hill,	"	2 00
913	S. Powell, Naples,	"	5 00
860	R. Hubbard, Rushford,	"	3 00
859	Joseph Walpole, Keeseville,	"	2 25
910	V. B. Gross, Peruville,	"	2 00
884	H. Baldwin,	"	1 00
872	N. Rice, Collin's Centre,	"	5 00
908	John Cornish, N. Y. City,	"	2 00
858	B. B. Wiggins, Patmos, L. I.		1 00
858	John Ketchum, Jericho,	"	2 00
888	Enoch Hibbard, W. Randolph, Vt.		2 00
884	Charles Perry, Westerly, R. I.		4 00
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850	Julia H. Worcester, Rochester, N. H.		2 00
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912	Louisa Beale,	" "	2 00
893	Lydia Andrews,	" "	2 00
902	Mary T. Tidmarsh,	" "	2 00
809	Moses Joy, Nantucket,	"	2 00
910	Rev. Nathan Hale, Dorchester, Mass.		2 00
864	Miss Mary A. Estlin, Bristol, Eng.		3 00
864	Mrs. Tribe,	" "	3 00
550	Mrs. Phebe Barrett, Cadiz, O.		5 00
883	Jane Stewart, Rio, Wis.		1 00
907	James Howe, Jersey City		2 00

DONATIONS.

Lauren Wetmore (pledge), N. Y. City - - - - $50 00

Special Notices.

ANTI-SLAVERY CONVENTIONS IN THE STATE OF NEW YORK.—CHARLES L. REMOND and SARAH P. REMOND of Massachusetts, and AARON M. POWELL of New York, Agents of the AMERICAN ANTI-SLAVERY SOCIETY, will attend Conventions to be held as follows:

Ogdensburg, St. Lawrence Co., Monday and Tuesday, Dec. 15 and 16.

The Conventions will commence, in each instance, at 2 o'clock, p. m., of the day first named, and continue by adjournment through that and the day following. All are invited to attend. Remember the "Sum of all Villanies" is still triumphantly doing its brutal and bloody work.

FESTIVE COMMEMORATION OF THE TWENTY-FIFTH ANNIVERSARY OF THE MASSACHUSETTS ANTI-SLAVERY SOCIETY.—On New Year's Evening, 1857, a quarter of a century will have been completed since the formation of the Massachusetts Anti-Slavery Society—originally called the New England Anti-Slavery Society—the parent of all similar associations in the land. Believing that a period of time fraught with so many thrilling reminiscences, and crowded with events of unsurpassed historical importance, should not be allowed to pass without a fitting observance, the Board of Managers have made arrangements for a PUBLIC SOCIAL FESTIVAL to commemorate this suggestive event, on the evening of January 1st, 1857, in this city; and they hereby cordially invite all the friends of freedom, far and near, without regard to sex or complexion, to participate in this celebration, which cannot fail to be deeply interesting to all present, as well as to "help the cause along" to its triumphant consummation. A supper will be provided by that distinguished caterer, Mr. J. B. SMITH; after which there will be music, sentiments, speeches, &c., appropriate to the occasion. As the National Anti-Slavery Bazaar will not close till Saturday, January 3d, an additional motive will be furnished to friends in the country to visit the city on the occasion designated. It is hoped and believed that there will be a numerous attendance.

Price of tickets, $1.00 each—to be had at the Anti-Slavery Office, 21 Cornhill. Those intending to be present are requested to make seasonable application in order to secure a place at the tables.

Further particulars hereafter.

FRANCIS JACKSON, President.

ROBERT F. WALLCUT, Sec'y.

Advertisements.

THE TRIBUNE FOR 1857.

The election is past, and its result proves that the work devolved on the Republican party is not yet completed. In all the Eastern and Northern portions of the country—in New England, New York, Ohio and the North-West—the Republican banner floats in triumph; while in Southern Jersey, Pennsylvania, Indiana and Illinois—in short, wherever few newspapers are taken, and where common schools are too new and too feeble to have educated the present generation of voters—the black flag of Slavery obstructs the sunshine. A stranger to America might distinguish those portions of our country most blessed with Education, Intelligence, Thrift and Virtue, by scanning the returns of the Presidential contest of 1856. We have failed of present success, not because the People are against us, but because that large portion who did not hear or read the argument, and do not know what were the real questions at issue, went almost solid against us, reversing the verdict which the great majority of the educated and intelligent endeavoured to pronounce.

These facts indicate the path of pressing duty. With no unmanly repinings over what is irrevocable—with no abatement of heart or hope because the triumph of Liberty in her new ordeal is not won at the Long Island and White Plains of her struggle—with no shadow of regret that the responsibility of governing is not confided to her champions before the People were fully ready to sustain them—we begin afresh the work of diffusing that vital truth which, in regard to the concerns of this world as well as of the next, makes Free indeed. Now, in the Slave Power's heyday of victory, when its ministers and servitors are gathering and plotting to make the most of their triumph and "crush out" the spirit which they vainly believe to be crucified and entombed—now, when the faint-hearted or cold-hearted who lately basked in the sunshine of our premature hopes are hauling off to repair damages and talking of abandoning the rugged arena of Politics for more quiet and flowery fields—now, in this hour of weariness and shadow, THE TRIBUNE renews its vows of eternal hostility to every form of tyranny over the bodies or souls of men—to the shameful assumption that the benighted and feeble, whether in soul or body, are to be regarded and treated as the convenience or the prey of their wiser or stronger brethren—to the domination of despots and oligarchs, whether of empires or plantations—to the enslavers of cities and kingdoms in Europe or the breeders of children for the auction-block and the cotton-field in Virginia or Alabama.

The doctrine that no human being was ever created for the benefit or advantage of another—that all service between man and man should be free and reciprocal—that the labourer should not toil and sweat to pamper others' pride or minister to others' luxury, but for the sustenance and comfort of those near and dear to him—is destined to certain triumph. It *must* prevail, for God reigns, and Earth was not created to be a theatre of injustice, oppression and misery forever. It *must* triumph; for all true prophecy affirms and the vindication of the Divine benignity imperatively requires it. It *must* triumph; for Democratic America cannot always remain the scoff of aristocrats and the shame of reformers and liberals throughout the Old World. It *must* triumph; for Man's history is not a chaos or a riddle, but everywhere instinct with meaning; and no heroic effort ever failed of its effect; no drop of martyr blood was ever shed in vain.

But even if we Republicans were disposed to fold our arms in slumber, our adversaries would not permit it. They are busy to-day in lengthening their cords and strengthening their stakes with a vigilance and activity which reveals a consciousness on their part that their dominion must be made sure forthwith or their sceptre will have forever departed. To-day, myrmidons of the Slave Power threaten and harass Northern Mexico, are encamped in the heart of Central America and waging a war of extermination on the distracted inhabitants of its petty Republics, while it by turns leers and scowls at Cuba, while its most ruthless bands are precipitated on devoted Kansas, under the protection and smiles of the Federal Administration. Even as we write, the telegraph informs us that twenty Free State men, guilty of attempting to defend their homes against the rapine and violence of Buford's and Titus's blood-thirsty bandits, have been convicted, by Lecompte's Court, of manslaughter! and sentenced to five years' imprisonment at hard labour as felons. This is but a fair specimen of what has long passed for "justice" in Kansas—a justice which takes the criminals into pay and aids them in hunting down, plundering and "wiping out" the innocent, whom it consigns to the State prison if they are ever goaded into the madness of resisting their oppressors. Such crimes and wrongs as unhappy Kansas has for twelve months endured, even Hungary or Poland has never known; and the Power at whose instigation these villanies were and are perpetrated sits enthroned in the White House, and has just achieved another four years' ascendancy in the Federal Government. Who, in view of these facts, can say that the Republicans may now pile their arms, even for an hour?

The Tribune will be, as it has been, a Political journal—avowedly, though not exclusively so. It recognises the truth that Freedom and Slavery are here grappled in deadly conflict, and that in the result one of them must lose all control over the Federal Government. But, while it gives prominence and emphasis to the discussion and elucidation of the great issue of the day, it sinks none of the characteristics of a Business and Family Newspaper. The proceedings of Congress, like those in Kansas, will be watched and reported by an able and fearless corps of Correspondents, while from London, Paris, Constantinople, Havana, San Francisco, Albany and other centres of interest, our special advices will be, as they have been, fresh and reliable. A member of our Editorial *corps*—Bayard Taylor—is now in Northern Europe, and will spend the Winter in Sweden, Lapland, Russia, thence making his way next season across Siberia and Tartary to the mouth of the Amour, and thence homeward by the Pacific and California, unless some change of route shall promise greater interest and profit to our readers, for whom alone he will write regularly throughout his adventurous journey, which is likely to require two years for its completion. Our reports of the most interesting Lectures, Public Meetings, &c., will be full and reliable, and our Foreign and Domestic News made up with a careful regard to the condensation into our ample columns of the greatest amount of intelligence that is consistent with the use of type of generous size. In short, if we fail to make The Tribune worth its cost, it shall not be for want of expenditure or effort.

If it be deemed desirable by Republicans that The Tribune should be circulated in their several localities, we urge them to see that Clubs be made up and forwarded in due season. The Postmasters are semi officially admonished not to aid our circulation, but to urge instead that of journals deemed "sound" and "National" by the compatriots of Atchison and Stringfellow. We ask live Republicans everywhere to take care that these efforts be not effectual to quench the light of Freedom in the murky mists of Slavery.

TERMS.

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Any person sending us a club of twenty or over will be entitled to an extra copy.

We continue to send The Weekly Tribune to clergymen at $1 per year.

Subscriptions may commence at any time. Payment in advance is required in all cases, and the paper is invariably discontinued at the expiration of the advance payment.

Money may be remitted for subscriptions in letters at our risk; but the Postmaster at the place where the letter is mailed should be made acquainted with its contents, and keep a description of the bills. When drafts can be obtained, they are much safer than to send bills.

Bills of any specie-paying bank in the United States or Canadas received at par for subscriptions.

We have no travelling agents. Any one wishing to receive THE TRIBUNE need not wait to be called upon for his subscription. All that is necessary for him to do is to write a letter in as few words as possible, inclose the money, write the name of the subscriber, with his Post-Office, County and State, and direct the letter to

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ENGLISH RADICALS;
SCOTCH RADICALS,
GERMAN REVOLUTIONISTS,
RED REPUBLICANS,
ALL EUROPEAN REPUBLICANS,
AMERICAN ABOLITIONISTS,

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Miscellaneous Department.

AN OLD POEM.

Who shall judge a man from manners?
  Who shall know him by his dress?
Paupers may be fit for princes,
  Princes fit for something less.
Crumpled shirt and dirty jacket
  May beclothe the golden ore
Of the deepest thoughts and feelings—
  Satin vests could do no more.
There are springs of crystal nectar
  Ever welling out of stone;
There are purple buds and golden,
  Hidden, crushed and overgrown;
God, who counts by souls, not dresses,
  Loves and prospers you and me,
While he values thrones, the highest,
  But as pebbles in the sea.

Man, upraised above his fellows,
  Oft forgets his fellows then;
Masters—rulers—lords, remember
  That your meanest hinds are men;—
Men by labour, men by feeling,
  Men by thought, and men by fame,
Claiming equal rights to sunshine
  In a man's ennobling name.
There are foam-embroidered oceans,
  There are little weed-clad rills,
There are feeble, inch high saplings,
  There are cedars on the hills;
God, who counts by souls, not stations
  Loves and prospers you and me;
For to him all vain distinctions
  Are as pebbles in the sea.

Toiling hands alone are builders
  Of a nation's wealth or fame;
Titled laziness is pensioned,
  Fed and fattened on the same;
By the sweat of others' foreheads,
  Living only to rejoice,
While the poor man's outraged freedom
  Vainly lifteth up its voice.
Truth and justice are eternal,
  Born with loveliness and light;
Secret wrongs shall never prosper
  While there is a sunny right;
God, whose world-heard voice is singing
  Boundless love to you and me,
Sinks oppression with its titles,
  As the pebbles in the sea.

BOOK-HAWKING IN ENGLAND.

From The London Times.

It may not, perhaps, be known to some of our readers that of late years a systematic plan has been adopted in many counties in England for supplying the poor classes with healthy literature. To this scheme the name of "Book-Hawking" is now universally applied. The name is not in itself significant of any definite aim, for books, unfortunately, may be either good or bad; but be that as it may, the title is now conceded to the use of those who would circulate the former.

The scheme arose from an evident *hiatus* in the educational system. Schools throughout the country were improved to an extent which it is now difficult to estimate rightly. A taste was given for reading, and a certain number of scholars were sent out annually into the world with an appetite for healthy food, but with very little power of satisfying that appetite, save with the most unwholesome stimulants. Adult schools, moreover, rather added to the difficulty; for the ploughboy, or the artisan, showing by his voluntary attendance a certain desire for learning, was utterly unable to prosecute his studies at home from lack of the necessary materials. True, there was the bookseller's shop in the neighbouring town, but practically its doors were shut to a greasy suit, a fustian jacket, or a smock-frock.

Meanwhile the emissaries of evil were actively at work. While men slept the enemy sowed tares. The haunts of the lower classes were flooded with literature of the vilest character. It was proved in evidence, given before the House of Commons in the year 1851, that the sale of immoral and infidel publications amounted to 29,000,000 annually. It is difficult to take in figures, but it is appalling to be told by the *Edinburgh Review* that this is more than the total issue of the Society for the Promotion of Christian Knowledge, the Religious Tract Society, the British and Foreign Bible Society, the Scottish Bible Society, the Trinitarian Bible Society, and some seventy religious magazines combined. Handbills, too, and pictures of a depraved character were being widely spread abroad.

There were sold of the last dying speech and confession of Good, 1,650,000; of Courvoisier, 1,666,000; of the Mannings, 2,000,000; of Rush, 2,700,000; and of Greenacre, 1,666,000. The trash sold with reference to Palmer's case must have greatly exceeded any of the above sales. Nor was there any mystery as to the way in which such an enormous circulation was obtained for these publications. Hawkers plied their trade in town and country, and brought their literary wares to the very door of the labourer's cottage.

But why were those who thus sought to poison society to monopolize the hawking system? Would not the labourer, it was asked, purchase books of a higher character, if they were, in like manner, forced into his notice? Such thoughts floated in men's minds. It fell to the lot of the Archdeacon of Winchester to give them consistency and reality. In the year 1851, with the sanction and willing coöperation of the bishop of the diocese, he inaugurated a systematic scheme for the employment of respectable book-hawkers throughout Hampshire. The county was parcelled out in three divisions. Operations were at once commenced in the neighbourhood of Southampton and in the New Forest; and at the expiration of twelve months it was found that the hawker had sold books to the amount of £183. This success fully warranted the extension of the scheme, and accordingly in a short time two other hawkers were engaged for the remaining divisions of the county, who prosecuted their labours with similar success. It may be supposed that attention was soon drawn to their efforts. Imitators sprung up on all sides. Public meetings were held; influential laymen presided, and in many instances societies, avowedly modelled after the pattern of that started in Hampshire, were inaugurated with considerable *éclat*. The arch-dioceses of Canterbury and York were content to follow the lead of Winchester. The dioceses of Chichester, Hereford, Lincoln, London (Essex), Norwich, Oxford, Peterborough, Rochester and Worcester, soon swelled the train, and at the present moment an association for the county of Derby is in process of formation. In some of the dioceses mentioned above, two, three, or even four book-hawkers are kept in constant employment.

The *modus operandi* is as follows: The hawker, with a good selection of books, goes to some central spot where he finds a lodging. From this centre he radiates to the neighbouring towns and villages with his pack on his back. His orders are to visit every house, and although in some cases he meets with an uncivil refusal, yet, generally speaking, even if no sale is effected, he is at any rate received kindly. As soon as the villages round the centre selected have been thoroughly worked, he passes on to another district. It has been found that about two visits in the course of a year to each place are sufficient.

It might, however, be expected that as the country got better supplied with books, the demand would decrease. But, practically, this is not the case. On the contrary, *l'appetit vient en mangeant*. The more we circulate books, the greater the desire for them. This is evident from the report just published for the northern division of Hants. We here find that in the space of eleven months books and tracts were sold by the hawker to the amount of £217 10s. 8d. Although many associations, such as those in Leicestershire, Sussex, Kent, Norwich and Surrey, have effected sales of a considerable amount, yet we believe that the above sum is the largest which has yet been realized by any book-hawking association in so short a space of time.

It is interesting to see the nature of the books which are most popular. "Bunyan's Pilgrim's Progress" and Bogatzky's "Golden Treasury" always find a ready sale. Milton has many admirers, "Johnson's Dictionary" more. Church services, well got up, are in great request among domestic servants. Cheap books on the war, published by Routlege, were eagerly purchased. "Richmond's Annals of the Poor," a history of the country, "Robinson Crusoe," and "Paxton's Cottage Gardener's Calendar," are all most popular. Pictures published by Herring, Baxter, and the Society for the promotion of Christian Knowledge, are gradually superseding the Epistle to Agbarus. Half-penny and farthing books are sold by the gross.

Now it will be evident that in the practical carrying out of such a scheme great care is required. Fears were at first entertained lest the hawker should be turned into an engine of proselytism. The high churchman and the low churchman alike conjured up spectres of their own imagination. But such fears have proved groundless. The good sense of the majority has prevailed. It is quite clear that, however eager men may be to advance their own opinions, they must look for some other engine for the purpose than book-hawking. If the hawker is to go into every parish, as it is wished he should do, the success of the system would be at once perilled if the contents of his box were of a party character. Book-hawking makes war upon infidelity and immorality, not upon this or that party in the church. Here is common ground where the two extremes may meet.

There is another point which we would strongly urge upon all those who are interested in this movement. It seems to us of great importance that the hawker's pack should be amply supplied with good books of a secular character. Many there are who would turn away from a professedly religious book, who might yet be tempted by some useful or entertaining secular work. This class of customers is not to be neglected, for if we do not occupy the field with books of a healthy tone, somebody else will find a sale for those very publications which we are so anxious to supersede.

Great variety in the hawker's pack is essential to the full development of the scheme. Bunyan's "Pilgrim's Progress" must not be thrust down a man's throat whether he will or not. He must have a selection of useful and elevating secular books brought to his very door, and in this way a taste for something better still may be gradually introduced. The possession of a few books really worth reading may enable him to employ himself profitably at home, and allure him from the attractions of the alehouse. We may humanize first, and then gradually evangelize.

The practical carrying out of such an agency as we have described is, of course, expensive. These travelling salesmen are usually paid as much as a guinea a week, and it is found that, notwithstanding the exercise of the utmost economy, a sum of from £70 to £80 a year is required to cover the expenses of each hawker. This total is made up partly by the profit derived from the sale of books. There is one item in the expenditure of the various societies which calls for a remark. Each hawker has to pay £4 a year for his license. It seems to us that government might be fairly asked to take the remission of this tax into their consideration. As far as the Exchequer is concerned, the amount is utterly insignificant, but to the societies the boon of £4 a year would be a welcome addition to their funds. We do not think that there would be any great difficulty in introducing into some act of parliament a clause by which book-hawkers of respectability, under certain restrictions and with certain qualifications, might be exempted from this tax. Book-hawking societies are, in fact, carrying on the education of the country, and whatever sum the Exchequer lost by the remission of the tax might be looked upon as an educational guest. Wherever book-hawking has been fairly tried, it has eventually succeeded, and there is no reason why in time every county in England should not be regularly worked by its own special book-hawker.

THE "CHARTER OAK."

From an Address, before the Genealogical Society of Massachusetts, by Silvester Bliss.

Among the early settlers of Hartford was Mr. George Wyllys, who appears not to have arrived till a year or two later, and who became Governor of the colony in 1642. Before coming to America he sent forward his steward to prepare a place for his residence, and who selected the beautiful site which contained within its grounds this oak. It was in the height of its glory, but far past its prime, as was evident from the decayed hollow in its trunk. As the steward was cutting away the trees on the beautiful hill-side, a deputation of Indians came to him and requested that he would "spare this old hollow oak." They said: "It has been the guide of our ancestors for centuries as to the time of planting our corn: when the leaves are the size of mouse ears, then is the time to put the seed in the ground."

The tree was spared at their solicitation, and remained an ornament of the Wyllis estate some fifty years before the occurrence of the historical incident that gave it name.

In 1662, Charles II. granted a charter conveying most ample privileges to the colony of Connecticut. It arrived in Hartford, probably in September, though its precise date is not known, and on the 9th of October was publicly read, and entrusted to a committee, one of whom was Mr. Samuel Wyllys, a magistrate of the colony, for safe-keeping.

The government of the colony was conducted in accordance with its provisions. But in July, 1685, soon after the accession of James the II., a quo-warranto was issued against the governor and company of Connecticut to appear and show by what warrant they exercised their powers and privileges. In reply, the colony pleaded the charter granted by the king's royal brother, made strong professions of loyalty, and begged a continuance of their rights.

In 1686 two other writs of quo-warranto were issued against the colony, requiring their appearance before his majesty. On the 19th of December of the same year, Sir Edmond Andross arrived at Boston, commissioned as the governor of all New England. He soon after wrote the Governor of Connecticut that he was empowered to receive their charter, and requesting their voluntary surrender of it; but the colony declined so doing—a special session of the Assembly having been called for the consideration of that subject. Another letter being received from Sir Edmond Andross, another meeting of the Assembly was called, and they again refused to surrender it.

In October, 1687, the Assembly held its regular session, as usual, and continued till the last of the month. The foliage had then fallen from the trees, so that the eye might look far into the surrounding forests. In the afternoon of one of those mellow autumnal days, Oct. 31st, a troop of soldiers, about sixty in number, with Sir Edmond and his suite at their head, were seen emerging from the woods; and they encircled the place where the Assembly were in session. Sir Edmond, with his suite, entered the hall, demanded the Charter and declared the government under it dissolved.

The Assembly were extremely reluctant and slow to surrender it. Governor Treat represented at what expense and hardship the colony had been planted, and that to give up their Charter was like giving up life. The affair was debated and kept in suspense until lights were needed in the evening, when the Charter was brought in and laid on the table where the Assembly were. Great numbers of people had now assembled, and some sufficiently bold for any expediency. The Governor and his associates then appeared to yield the question, and Sir Edmond was advancing towards the table to take the parchment, when suddenly the lights were extinguished and they were all in total darkness. There was no noise or confusion, and the candles were officiously relighted, but the Charter was gone!

One Captain Jeremiah Wadsworth silently had seized it, and disappeared with it before the room was again lighted. It is said by tradition that Jeremiah had often sat in the moonlight with one Kate Wyllys, beneath the spreading branches of the tree that her grandfather's steward had spared at the solicitation of the red men; and to whom should he run with the Charter, but to Kate! To deposit it in some unsuspected retreat was of course his object, and her woman's ready wit at once suggested the hollow in the old Oak. It was hardly sooner thought of than it was there deposited, where no human eye would think of searching for it.

Sir Edmond was disconcerted at the disappearance of the Charter. He declared the government of the colony to be in his own hands, appointed officers of government, and returned with his troop to Boston.

This was not the first time Sir Edmond Andross had been disconcerted by the Connecticut colony. Twelve years before, when governor of New York, he appeared with an armed force at Saybrook, for the purpose of annexing the colony to the government of the Duke of York. A detachment under Capt. Thomas Bull had been sent from Hartford for the defence of Saybrook, and he raised the king's flag on the fort there. Sir Edmond did not dare to fire on the flag; and on learning that the commanding officer was named "Bull," he was so pleased with his spirit and bearing that he said in compliment, "It is a pity your horns are not tipped with silver."

The government of Sir Edmond was extremely arbitrary and tyrannical, but was of short continuance. In April, 1689, news arrived at Boston of the landing of the Prince of Orange in England, and on the 18th of that month Sir Edmond was seized and confined in prison in Boston. On the 9th of May, Gov. Treat of Connecticut resumed the government of that colony, under the provisions of the Charter which had been so securely deposited in the old hollow tree, and which continued to be the organic law of Connecticut till the present Constitution took its place in 1818.

The Charter was beautifully written on parchment, and enclosed in a box of about three feet in length, in which it was brought over, which is still preserved in the Hartford Athenæum, with the sap of the oak left upon it; and since then this tree has been known as the Charter Oak. It has been regarded with affection and veneration by the people of that State, and has been a kind of Mecca to all persons visiting Hartford city. A daughter of Secretary Wyllys, the fifth in descent of the first from that name, wrote to Dr. Holmes in reply to an inquiry of his, as published in his "Annals" in 1805:

"That venerable tree which concealed the Charter of our rights stands at the foot of Wyllys hill. The first inhabitant of that name found it standing in the height of its glory. Age seems to have curtailed its branches, yet it is not exceeded in the height of its colouring, or richness of its foliage. The trunk measures twenty-one feet in circumference, and near seven in diameter. The cavity which was the asylum of our Charter was near the roots, and large enough to admit a child. Within the space of eight years that cavity has closed, as if it had fulfilled the Divine purpose for which it had been reared."

THE WORKMEN OF EUROPE DESCRIBED BY IMPERIAL AUTHORITY.

We have not ourselves seen M. Le Play's official book on *Les Ouvriers Européens*, but we think that an epitome of an epitome may not be without its use and interest. It is well sketched this month in forty pages of the *North British Review*, and we propose now still further to reduce it, promising, however, to show quite enough of it to satisfy our readers. The author has travelled, he says, in Asia and in every European country, always taking careful note of the condition of the workmen. He divides labourers into forced serfs, voluntary serfs, and those who make "voluntary temporary engagements." The last system M. Le Play deprecates as disastrous.

In the manufacturing districts men work for wages only; in agricultural districts for wages and privileges, such as free house rent, right of common, right to cut wood, fish, &c. In Central and Northern Europe these agricultural privileges extend into the towns, and are shared by the manufacturing population. This, says M. Le Play, affects the question of wages in a way that economists do not take properly into account.

Workmen must live by their masters, whether the masters be capitalists hiring them to do their work, associations of their own which stand in place of the capitalist, or their own customers. All work in associations implies more or less the sacrifice of individual free will. The serfdom of Russia is a communistic principle, no longer carried out by voluntary generous associations, but enforced to the utmost extent of tyranny. It is not the communism imagined for the workman in the west, but a petrified form of the patriarchal principle which could not consist with the knowledge and activity by which it would be surrounded were it to exist in the west.

In Sweden, Central Europe and Western Germany, without any formal bond, servants and workmen remain with their masters all their lives. In many districts they are bound to stay until they have repaid the loan with which their masters started them in life, and they are of an age inconsistent with a roving temper before they are able to do that. This is the system with which M. Le Play is in love.

M. Le Play gives a long list of those whom he has observed to be the most industrious and frugal workmen among European nations. Not a single class of English workmen figures in the whole parade, though it includes the muleteers and wagoners of Spain, the market gardeners and cow-keepers of the suburbs of Paris, the chimney-sweepers out of Domo d'Ossola, the boatmen of the Volga, and the hunters of the North country and of Russia.

M. Le Play then goes on to divide a workman's sources of income into wages, perquisites, extras and the worth of industry at home. In Russia, land is generally redivided among the peasantry once in every fifteen years—given to them not as alienable property, but as something to live and to pay dues on. In Turkey all land belongs, theoretically, first to God, then to the Sultan, as the senior tenant, who receives a tax in recognition of his tenantship: land neglected during three years lapses to the State. In Hungary and elsewhere there is feudal tenure on a service fee.

M. Le Play attributes much moral importance to the possession of animals, but as to the highest kind of property, money put out at interest, of that the workman has but little. In Turkey, interest is forbidden by law; in Russia, where the serf has nothing real to acquire, there is no motive for accumulating. In other countries other obstacles occur, but savings banks and benefit societies have tended to produce a new spirit of providence. M. Le Play, who has no faith in an independent workman, says that these institutions now injure by excess of help, and that no good can come of them when they are maintained by workmen for themselves; to be of use they must be conducted for them by their masters. The only state for the workman, says M. Le Play, is one of tutelage. He has suffered much in the west by excess of freedom, by a want of solidarity. Here, then, is a new French use of the word solidarity. It is to mean something like slavery under the new *régime*. M. Le Play is Chief Engineer of Mines in France, Professor of Metallurgy at the Paris Mining School, and his book is "printed by the Emperor's authority at the Imperial Press."

M. Le Play is great in tables. When he comes to the calculation of the sources of a workman's income, he defines with a price the value of his wife's scrubbing at the kitchen floor, or mending of the baby's socks. All this elaborate minuteness, this appearance of the most perfect accuracy, adorns a book, as to its whole spirit and meaning altogether wrong. It is hardly necessary to say that when M. Le Play speaks of family duties he represents parental authority as despotism, blind obedience in children as the highest virtue known.

Then comes our minute French student of the working men of Europe to the expenses of the working classes. The cereals, he says, form two-thirds of the whole amount of nourishment taken by working men, but a tenth or twelfth only of that taken by the wealthy classes of society. Less meat, he says, is eaten in France, Spain and Italy, than in any other country of Europe, frequently it is there eaten by the workman only once a year, on the day of the patron saint of his village.

In the matter of house expense M. Le Play urges—no doubt with the view of tying down the workman to the soil more closely—that a practice like that in use among the Hartz miners, of house buying by the working classes, every man paying as rent to his employer and landlord only the interest upon the price of the house, and gradually acquiring it as his own by paying small instalments of the capital, should be adopted. In other words, he would like masters to do for the men what we see the men doing for themselves in England with their building societies.

Then comes the cost of light. Every nation has its own prejudice regarding candles. In Brittany little candles are used by the peasantry called oribus, made of resin and grease; in England they use coarse wicks dipped in a vile tallow; in Spain and Italy lamps of a classic shape burn even in humble cottages a pure, white oil.

When speaking of the cost of clothes, M. Le Play comes to discuss the new establishments of baths and washhouses. He does not like them; they take women from their homes, cause them to assemble together, and, of course, it is in his mind that an assembly of women must have something seditious in its character. M. Le Play cries down Poor Laws as enunciating the false dogma that a poor man apart from the master who employs him has a right to help. True solidarity requires, in his view, that the poor man's help should come only in the "ennobling and beautiful" form of loans from his employer.

M. Le Play having thus laid down his principles, proceeds to illustrate them by a series of examples. From every class of workmen in Europe he takes one as a specimen, values his goods and chattels—his English type is a cutler in Whitefriars, who owns, among other property, two umbrellas, a metal teapot, twenty-four towels and a pail—sets down his income and expenditure, and gives a French view of the condition of his life. We need not trouble ourselves farther with the book, but we must say that, considering the authority under which it is issued, it is as far as it goes, a too significant sign of the times.—*(London) Inquirer.*

ART OF HAPPY DAILY LIFE.

There is a singular *inaptitude of means to ends*, which prevails generally throughout the human aids and appliances for living. I mean dress, houses, equipages, and household furniture. The result is, I believe, that more than half of what we do to procure good is needless or mischievous; in fact, that more than half of the labour and capital of the world is wasted; in savage life by not knowing how to compass what is necessary; in civilized life by the pursuit of what is needless.

Yet these are but trifling. Men might live with very foolish furniture around them, with absurdly ill-built houses, noisy and smoky, mostly of one pattern, and that a bad one, if all were well in their social relations and intercourse—if they had found out the art of living in these important respects. But, as it is, *how poor a thing is social intercourse!* How often in society a man goes out from interested or vain motives, at most unseasonable hours, to sit or stand in a constrained position, inhaling tainted air, suffering from great heat, his sole occupation or amusement being to talk! I do not mean to say that there are not delightful meetings in society, which all who were present at remember afterwards; where the party has been well chosen, the host and hostess genial (a matter of the first necessity); where wit has been kind as well as playful; where information has known how to be silent as well as how to speak; where good humour to the absent, as well as to the present, has assured the company that they were among good people; and where a certain feeling of regard and confidence has spread throughout the company, so that each man has spoken out from his heart. But these days are sadly rare. The main current of society is very dreary and dull, and not the less so for its restlessness. The chief hindrances to its improvements are of a moral nature—want of truth, vanity, shyness, imitation, foolish concern about trifles, want of faithfulness to society, habits of ridicule, and puritanical notions.

Want of truth is as fatal, if not more so, to enjoyment as it is to business. From want of the boldness which truth requires, people are driven into uncongenial society, into many modes of needless and painful ostentation, and into various pretences, excuses, and all sorts of vexatious dissimulation. The spirit of barter is carried into the amusements and enjoyments of life.

Shyness proceeds from a painful egotism, sharpened by needless self-examinations and foolish imaginations, in which the shy youth or maiden is tormented by his or her personality, and is haunted by imagining that he or she is the centre of the circle—the observed of all observers. This comes from not sufficiently accustoming children to society, or making them suppose that their conduct in it is a matter of extreme importance, and especially from urging them in their earliest youth by this most injurious of all sayings, If you do this or that, what will be thought of you? thus referring the child, not to religion, not to wisdom, not to virtue, not even to the opinion of those whose opinion ought to have weight, but to the opinion of whatever society he may chance to come into. The parent who has happily omitted to instil this vile prudential consideration, or enabled the child to resist it, even if he has omitted much good advice and guidance, has still done better than that teacher or parent who has filled the child to the brim with good moral considerations, and yet has allowed this one piece of arrant worldliness to creep in.

I come now to *foolish concern about trifles*—a besetting error in highly civilized communities. In these societies, there are many things, both physical and intellectual, which are outwardly complete, highly polished and varnished; much, too, is in its proper place, and corresponds with what it ought to correspond to,

"Grove nods to grove, each alley has its brother,"

so that at last there comes a morbid excitement to have every little thing and circumstance square and neat, which neither nature nor man will allow. Hence the pleasure of visits and entertainments, and, in general, the plans and projects of social intercourse, are at the mercy of small accidents—absurd cares and trifling offences. When this care for small things is combined with an intense fear of the opinion of others, a state of mind is generated which will neither allow the possessor of it to be happy in himself nor permit him to enjoy any peace or comfort for long.

The next hindrance is one rarely commented upon, but very important—*want of faithfulness to society*. In whatever company a man is thrown, there are certain duties incident upon him in respect of that association. The first of these is reticence about what he hears in that society. In all social intercourse, there is an implied faithfulness of the members of the society, one to another; and if this faithfulness were well maintained, not only would a great deal of pain and mischief be prevented, but men knowing that they were surrounded by people with a nice sense of honour in this respect would be more frank and explicit in all they said and did. As it is, a thoughtful and kind-hearted man is often obliged to make his discourse very barren, lest it should be repeated to a circle for whom it was not intended, and by whom it could not be understood.

I pass to the *habit of ridicule*. There is a light, jesting, flippant, unkind mode of talking about things and persons, very common in society, exceedingly different from wit, which stifles good conversation, and gives a sense of general hostility rather than sociability, as if men came together chiefly for the purpose of ridiculing their neighbours, and of talking slightly about matters of great concern. I am not sure that this conduct is not a result rather than a cause—a result of vanity, want of truth, want of faithfulness, and other hindrances which we have been considering. It certainly bespeaks a lamentable want of charity, and shows that those who indulge in it are sadly ignorant of the dignity of social intercourse, and of what a grand thing it might be.

Lastly, there is the *want of something to do besides talking*, which must be put down as one of the greatest drawbacks to the pleasantness as well as usefulness of social intercourse. Puritanical notions have gone some way in occasioning this want, by forbidding many innocent or indifferent amusements. But I suspect that anybody who should study human nature much would find that it was one of the most dangerous amusements to bring people together to talk who have but little to say.

But this consideration of the want of something to do besides talking leads naturally to that branch of the art of living which is connected with *accomplishments*. In this we have hitherto been singularly neglectful; and our poor and arid education has often made time hang heavy on our hands, given opportunity for scandal, occasioned domestic dissension, and prevented the just enjoyment we should have had of the gifts of nature. More large and general cultivation of music, of the fine arts, of manly and graceful exercises, of various minor branches of science and natural philosophy, will, I am persuaded, enhance greatly the pleasure of society, and mainly in this, that it will fill up that want of something to do besides talking, which is so grievously felt at present. This, however, is but a very small part of the advantage and aid to the art of living which would flow from a greatly widened basis of education in accomplishments and what are now deemed minor studies. The whole of life would be beautified and vivified by them. Various excellencies would be developed in persons whose natures, not being suitable for the few things cultivated and rewarded at present, are thick with thorns and briars, and present the appearance of waste land; whereas, if sown with the fit seed, and tended in a proper manner, they would come into some sort of cultivation, would bring forth something good, perhaps something excellent of its kind. People who now lie sunk in self-respect would become useful, or ornamental, and therefore genial; they would be an assistance to society instead of a weight upon it. . . . .

Another great matter is the *art of living with inferiors*. A house may be ever so well arranged for domestic and social comfort, the principal inmates of it well-disposed and accomplished people, their circumstances of life felicitous; yet if there is a want of that harmony which should extend throughout every house, embracing all the members of the household, there is an under-current of vexation sufficient to infect and deaden all the above-named advantages. . . . Still, with all disadvantages, it is surprising how much may be done with servants by firmness, kindness, geniality, and just familiarity. Under the head of kindness, I should particularly wish to include full employment. The master who keeps one servant more than he has absolutely need for is not only a mischief to society, but is unkind to that servant and to all his fellow-servants; for what is more cruel to a vacant mind than to leave it half employed?—*Seed Grain for Thought, by Mrs. Lowell.*

Gleanings from Foreign Publications.

It is rumoured that Douglas Jerrold and Charles Kingsley will visit America in the course of the Winter.

—Singular Fact.—Macaulay, in his History of England, states the singular fact, that no large society of which the language is not Teutonic (Gothic) has ever turned Protestant; and that wherever a language derived from ancient Rome is spoken, the religion of modern Rome to this day prevails.

—Alexander Von Humboldt, writing to his friend, Prof. Heidinger, of Vienna, says that thirty-four sheets of the concluding part of his Cosmos are now set up in type, and the copies being struck off. The learned octogenarian says he hopes to see the whole of the work published before the end of the year.

—A Dictionary Chained.—In the town records of Boston, England, under the date of 1578, the following resolution is found:

"That a dictionarye shall be bought for the scollers of the free scoole; and the same booke to be tyed in a cheyne, and set upon a deske in the scolle, whereupon any scoller may have accesse, as occasion shall serve."

—Shakspeare's House.—Recent English papers mention that the trustees of the new fund of $2,500, given by Mr. John Shakspeare for the completion of the preservation and separtion of the house at Stratford-upon-Avon, in which Shakspeare was born, have just purchased the two properties, one on each side of the house in Henley street, known as "Banke's property," for £1,000, and as "Warden's property," for £360.

—Florence Nightingale has lately been on a visit to the Queen at her palace in Balmoral, Scotland. During her stay, she was always seated next the Queen, who is said to have fired a continuous volley of questions at her about the sufferings of the sick and wounded soldiers in the Crimea and in the hospitals at Scutari. Miss Nightingale, who is thirty-five years old, is represented as delicate in appearance, slight in frame, and remarkably quiet in manner.

—Renouncing Mormonism.—The Manchester (England) *Examiner* says that at the present time considerable excitement exists among the Mormon saints of that town, in consequence of the large number of persons who have recently renounced their principles. One reason of this reaction is said to be the "revelation" demanding a tenth of the earnings of the saints throughout Europe for the good of the Church in Salt Lake City. Those who do do not pay are to be cut off from the Church.

—Rev. Dr. Peddie, of Edinburgh, having lately been presented by the ladies of his congregation with a pulpit gown, found some prejudice against his wearing it among his parishioners. To one old lady who objected, he said: "Well, Janet, what objections have you to the pulpit gown?" "Aweel, sir," said Janet, "we never read of the Apostle Paul wearing a gown." The doctor replied—"You are quite right, Janet; but we never read of St. Paul wearing breeches." This satisfied the old lady.

—The London papers report that Mr. Tennyson has a new volume nearly ready for the press. It will consist of two poems, both of considerable length and in blank verse, and the subject of each drawn from that storehouse of Arthurian romance which has already afforded such rich material to his genius in the "Morte d'Arthur," and "The Lady of Shalott." The story of one is the Enchantment of Merlin, that of the other is derived from the romance of Eric or Geraint, published by Lady Charlotte Guest in her edition of the "Mabinogion."

—Carlyle is working on his farm, and whenever any literary lion-hunter calls on him and begins to praise some "great genius," Carlyle at once commences a eulogy on one of his pigs, which he has in vain tried to confine to one apartment of his pen. If the visitor attempts to interrupt, Carlyle raises his voice still higher and goes it still stronger on his pig, until the idea of unduly praising anything or anybody becomes disgusting to the stranger, and then—Carlyle sits down and talks rationally with him.

—A very remarkable address has been presented to Mr. J. P. Grant, member of Council at Bombay, by a large body of Hindoo gentlemen. In it they thank him for his exertions in behalf of the act permitting widows to re-marry, and urge him to continue his efforts for the abolition of polygamy. Petitions by the dozen reach the Legislative Council on this subject. They are all of one tenor, praying for the abolition of polygamy by penal statute. A more remarkable movement, perhaps, never occurred among an Oriental people.

—Witty.—Clergymen frequently administer personal rebukes from the pulpit. The best that we can remember was that of an Irish curate, whose Christian name was Joseph. He had been promised a living by a member of the great Butler family previous to his coming to the title and the estates. The promise was non-redeemed; and, on the first opportunity the curate had of preaching before the powerful nobleman, he selected for his text the conclusion of the fortieth chapter of Genesis—"Yet did not the chief butler remember Joseph, but forgot him." The Irish Joseph speedily obtained the gift of a very valuable living.—*English paper.*

—A Literary Antiquity.—Among the literary treasures in Durham Cathedral, England, is a book with the cover executed in needle-work by lady Arabella Stuart, niece of Mary Queen of Scots, and granddaughter of Henry the Seventh, who died a lunatic in the Tower. She was a well-educated woman, and worked the cover to show her respect for Greek and Hebrew learning. Her handiwork is now a little tattered, and one day a lady visitor to the cathedral, being admitted to the library, with a young woman's kindness and love of neatness, offered to "mend the cover"—an offer which, of course, was declined.

—The pungent Mr. Ryle, in one of his tracts, gives these sentences: "The plain truth is, that many believers in the present day seem so dreadfully afraid of doing harm, that they hardly ever dare to do any good. There are many who are fruitful in objections, but barren in actions; rich in wet blankets, but poor in anything like Christian fire. They are like the Dutch deputies, who would never allow Marlborough to venture anything, and by their excessive caution, prevented many a victory from being won. Truly, in looking around the Church of Christ, a man might sometimes think that God's kingdom had come, and God's will was being done on earth, so small is the zeal that some believers show. It is vain to deny it."

—Sources of the Nile.—The expedition to discover the sources of the Nile which the Viceroy of Egypt has initiated, and which has occupied for the last six months the attention of the learned of Europe—after delays inevitable to the development of such matters—has started. The Count d'Escayrac de L'Auture is entrusted with the command. The expenses of the expedition will be considerable, as the Viceroy has provided it with everything that can forward its success, and a sufficient escort will protect these missionaries of civilization during their perilous expedition. Numerous boats with steamers will transport them up the Nile as far as the last point where the river is navigable. From England, France, Prussia, Austria, America, the Count has selected able scientific assistants, and ample supplies of instruments have been provided.

—The London correspondent of the British *Advertiser* tells the following anecdote of the Queen: "A rather remarkable picture is now being exhibited in Piccadilly, the production, I believe, of a Mr. Bartlett, curiously enough, a Quaker. It is a representation of a visit of the Queen and royal family to the wounded Crimean soldiers at the Brompton hospital. It is said that this picture was taken at a rather curious moment. The Queen was standing with tears in her eyes, talking to a poor fellow who had got sadly shattered in battle. Prince Albert stood impassive and unmoved. The royal mistress, who is a woman, was mortified by his vacant and unfeeling look, and petulantly said to him, her voice still quivering with sympathy: "Do say something to the man, and not stand staring in that way."

—Natural Curiosities.—In Australia there is a beetle which has the peculiarly formed legs of the kangaroo, and appears to be half kangaroo (on a small scale) and half insect. It is a grotesque creature, and from its appearance has received the name of "Kangaroo Beetle."

In the same country there is also a bird (*Menura superba*) which has a tail resembling the ancient Greek lyre. The margin of the lyre is formed by two broad feathers on each side, which curve into scrolls at the upper end, while a number of delicate ones represent the wires in the middle. These birds are hunted for their tails, which form an object of curiosity and beauty in museums.

In the zoological kingdom there is a curious variety of shell called "Harpa," from the bars with which it is marked having the resemblance of a harp. There is another shell called the "Bulina," which resembles a rose-bud, and another which resembles a strawberry.

—A Silver Chamber.—The Sultan of Turkey intends having a good time. He is building a silver chamber. All the furniture and appurtenances of the boudoir are to be composed of solid silver. The round table in the midst is of admirable workmanship, the surface being of solid silver, engraved in rich Arabesque, the legs of twisted pattern, highly finished. The sofas, the chairs and the piano are all of the same precious material. The boudoir is to be hung with cloth of gold, looped with silver cord. It seems that the Sultan has destined this unique specimen of oriental recklessness of expense to be his favourite retreat in the gardens of the seraglio, whence every ray of daylight is always to be excluded and where he intends to retire for the repose and solitude he cannot enjoy in the palace.

—Rats on the Stage.—A Swede of genius, who deplores the present dearth of dramatic talent, has discovered that rats—Swedish rats at least—possess wonderful histrionic powers, and after a careful search among the sewers and barns in his native land, he has obtained a company of rat Kembles, rat Keans and rat Siddonses, who (or which, for really a neuter can scarcely be applied to such geniuses) move the Swedes to laughter or to tears, as the "cue" requires. Among his company there is a sable-skinned, bright-eyed rat, who plays Hamlet to perfection (arranged as a pantomine of course), and all of them play Punch and Judy with genius. This Swedish impressario is about to make his rats appear before the Parisian public and it will not be long before they appear among us.

—Labyrinth.—Before Lepsius' visit to Fycum, it was supposed hardly anything remained of the labyrinth described by Herodotus in Book 2, section 118, in language which showed he had been bewildered, as his guide led him from porticos to courts, covered ways, roofed chambers, etc., but gave no clear conception to his reader; its date was unknown and the builder doubtful. The truth is, the larger part was buried under the soil. Lepsius has uncovered these remains, and has ascertained their original extent. Strabo says its length was more than a stadium; and the ruins occupy a rectangle, six hundred feet long and five hundred wide, within which were three piles of buildings, each three hundred feet in breadth. They were occupied by many hundreds of chambers, not connected together in any regular plan, and, therefore, forming a complete labyrinth, within the modern sense of the word. The name of the builder, at least of the original nucleus of this pile and of the pyramid near it, has been ascertained, by the excavation of bricks and stones marked with shields, to be Amenembra, the Ammenemes of the twelfth dynasty of Manetho, when the old monarchy was at its highest pitch of power, 4,000 years ago.

—Wife Beating according to Scripture.—A very large number of wife beating cases have recently been brought before the magistrates at Whitehaven, where there exists a sect of professing Christians, who propagate the opinion that the practice is in accordance with the Word of God. The Rev. George Bird, formerly rector of Cumberworth, near Huddersfield, has established himself there, and drawn together a congregation; and within the last few weeks it has transpired that he holds the doctrine that it is perfectly Scriptural for a man to beat his wife. About five weeks ago, James Scott, a member of Mr. Bird's congregation, was summoned by his wife for brutally beating her, because she refused to attend the same place of worship that he did. When before the magistrates, Mrs. Scott said she had no wish her husband should be punished, if he would promise not to ill use her again. When asked by the magistrates whether he would make the requisite promise, he refused, saying, "Am I to obey the laws of God or the laws of man?" As he would not give the promise, the magistrates committed him to prison for a month, with hard labour. The Rev. Mr. Bird has since delivered a course of lectures on the subject of Scott's conviction. He contends that it is a man's duty to rule his own household; and that if his wife refuses to obey his orders, he is justified, according to the law of God, in beating her in order to enforce obedience.

—The electric telegraph (says the leading journal) is the miracle of modern times. The wire is already coiled up which is to be cast into the depths of the Atlantic. The mountains and valleys of that great sea have been fathomed to ascertain the most convenient course for its deposit. In a brief space the electric spark which is generated in London will pass as swiftly as the exigencies of its own nature require to the great cotton city on the delta of the Mississippi, and to that rude town, whichever it may be, which then lies furthest westward in the domains of the buffalo and the red man. Contemporaneously with this gigantic result we have other labourers in the same field at work, who are busily engaged in fixing the tramroad for the electric spark between the European continent and the northern shores of Africa. This limit once obtained, the lighting-thought can flash freely on its course across the land of the Egyptian, whether by the Red Sea or across the plains of Mesopotamia, to the cities of our Indian empire, and in due time, no doubt, to the great centres of Chinese commerce. Nor is this all. The wire which had been laid down from London in one direction will soon be carried to the city of the California gold-digger. The corresponding wire, on which we have just marked a few stations, will then be borne across the Chinese Seas and the Northern Pacific—touching, it may be, on its way at the mysterious empire of Japan, and will be linked on at San Francisco on the western chain. Then it will happen that a man may generate a spark at London which, with one fiery leap, will return back under his hand and disappear, but in that moment of time it will have encompassed the plane on which we are whirling through space into eternity. That spark will be human thought.

—Did Mrs. Stowe Write "Uncle Tom's Cabin?"—Of the innumerable imitations which *Uncle Tom* gave birth to, not one exhibited a trace of that vital power by which it was distinguished. We regard that power as the more wonderful since we find no sign of it in any of the previous productions of Mrs. Stowe. We looked for some indications of it in her work on England, but we found not a passage to establish identity of intellect with *Uncle Tom*. We are still more puzzled with *Dred*. The qualities of mind revealed in it are so opposed, and even irreconcilable, that we can hardly believe them to exist in the same intellect. For, while we find a large amount of purely trivial writing, not free from affectation, and mingled with all kinds of faults in style—we find in it also passages where close, concentrated, logical thought, with thrilling passion, sublime imagery, and intense aspiration are expressed in composition of the purest English and most harmonious periods. The question irresistibly forced on our mind by a perusal of *Dred* is—can Mrs. Stowe be the unassisted author of the romances which bear her name? If she be, her mind is the greatest psychological marvel of which we know any example. Such a union of triviality with power, of massive, solid intellect with mere artificial prettiness and accomplishment, is incomprehensible to us. Is it not probable that some one or more of those earnest minds which are labouring for the overthrow of slavery in the United States might be willing to assist Mrs. Stowe in influencing the public mind by fiction, though unwilling to appear openly in the work? We have all heard of the underground railway in the United States—may there not be a press worked by some agency equally secret? There was something like organization in the means taken to give universal publicity to *Uncle Tom*. The "Key" was not like woman's work. If, unassisted, Mrs. Stowe has written all that bears her name, she is one of the most wonderful of female writers.—*The Press.*

—The Authority of Judaism.—There is a prevalent opinion (witness the Sabbatarian controversy) which regards the Old Testament as an *authority* in religion and morals equally binding upon Christians with the New. The writings of Moses and the Prophets have the highest value *historically*, and contain the elements of eternal religious truth; but when they are quoted to sanction ancient errors, we reply in the words of the great champion of the Reformation: "Moses was a mediator and lawgiver to the Jews alone, to whom he gave the law. If I take Moses in one commandment I must take the whole of Moses. Moses is dead. His dispensation is at an end. He has no longer any relation to us. I will accept Moses as an instructor, but not as a lawgiver, except where he agrees with the New Testament or with the law of Nature. When any one brings forward Moses and his precepts, and would oblige you to observe them, answer him thus: 'Go to the Jews with your Moses! I am no Jew. If I take Moses as a master in one point, I am bound to keep the whole law, says St. Paul.' If they say, 'Moses has commanded it,' do you let Moses go, and say, 'I ask not what Moses has commanded.' 'But,' say they, 'Moses has commanded that we should believe in God, that we should not take his name in vain, that we should honour our father and mother, &c. Must we not keep these commandments?' Answer them thus: 'Nature has given these commandments. I keep the commandments which Moses has given, not because he enjoined them, but because nature implanted them in me.' But if any one say, 'It is all God's word,' answer him thus, 'God's word here, God's word there. I must know and observe *to whom* this word is spoken. I must know, not only that it is God's word, but whether it is spoken to me or to another. *We* have the Gospel.'"—*Luther, quoted in Bretschneider's Dogmatik.*

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